NATIONAL REVIEW

40 Cents

January 3, 1959

A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

Why Did They Fire Bang-Jensen?

PRISCILLA L. BUCKLEY

Farmers for Freedom

WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN

What Price East Germany?

AN EDITORIAL

Articles and Reviews by · · · · · E. v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN
GEORG MANN · WILLMOORE KENDALL · WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.
L. BRENT BOZELL · RUSSELL KIRK · MARTIN BIRMINGHAM

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

For the Record

A prominent American journalist is a target of Soviet blackmail for homosexuality. U.S. authorities know it. His syndicate doesn't —yet. . . . The feverish activities of Washington's internal security personnel suggest that a major scandal may be under an intelligence agency's rug. The complete nervous breakdown of a top intelligence officer sparked the furore.

Gov. G. Mennen Williams has finally ordered the return to Wisconsin of John Gunaca, former UAW organizer wanted since 1954 on an assault charge stemming from the Kohler strike. Williams had refused to extradite Gunaca, claiming that he would be unfairly tried in Wisconsin. . . . Watch for a January campaign against the celebration of Christmas in public schools. The American Jewish Committee has counselled its membership not to criticize the celebrations during the holiday season when social and religious emotions are high, but rather to "start on this problem right after Christmas."

According to Tass, ex-Premier Bulganin confessed at the Moscow meeting of the Communist Party Central Committee: "Everything Comrade Khrushchev said in his report on the anti-Party group about Malenkov, Molotov, Kaganovich and about me and Shepilov was true." . . . Preparing to launch a coup against the pro-Western Shah, Iranian Communists have moved the headquarters of their outlawed Tudeh Party from East Germany to Baghdad. The Shah's government has stopped issuing visas for visitors from Iraq, as a move against the Communists who are entering the country disguised as pilgrims. . . . As a part of the Soviet campaign against West Berlin, Communist economic planners will boost East Germany's share of Red-bloc goods. . . . Paris reports circulate that Algerian rebel leaders are reconferring with Red Chinese officials in Peking. The Communists promise aid, but only on the condition that military and political training be put in Communist hands.

An investment firm in Toronto is offering gold bars for sale to consumers as a hedge against inflation. American buyers ($1,100 for a 32-ounce bar) must store the gold outside the U.S. . . . Prominent economists are estimating that greater productive efficiency, spurred by the recession, will raise productivity this year by 4 per cent, twice the average of recent years.

NATIONAL REVIEW

A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

EDITOR: Wm. F. Buckley Jr.
PUBLISHER: William A. Rusher

EDITORS
L. Brent Bozell — James Burnham
John Chamberlain — Whittaker Chambers
Willmoore Kendall — Suzanne La Follette
Frank S. Meyer

PRODUCTION EDITOR: Mabel Wood
ASSISTANT PUBLISHER: J. P. McFadden
WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT: Sam M. Jones

ASSOCIATES
Priscilla L. Buckley — Jonathan Mitchell
Maureen B. O'Reilly — Morrie Ryskind

CONTRIBUTORS
C. D. Batchelor, John C. Caldwell, Frank Chodorov, John Abbot Clark, Peter Crumpet, Forrest Davis, A. Derso, Medford Evans, Finis Farr, Karl Hess, John D. Kreuttner, J. B. Matthews, Gerhart Niemeyer, Revilo Oliver, E. Merrill Root, Richard M. Weaver, Frederick D. Wilhelmsen, Gen. Charles A. Willoughby, Garry Wills

FOREIGN CONTRIBUTORS
London: Anthony Lejeune
Munich: E. v. Kuehnelt-Leddihn

CONTENTS JANUARY 3, 1959 VOL. VI, No. 16

THE WEEK 419

ARTICLES

Farmers for Freedom
William Henry Chamberlin 425
Why Did They Fire Bang-Jensen?
Priscilla L. Buckley 427

DEPARTMENTS

For the Record 418
National Trends .....L. Brent Bozell 424
Letter from the Continent
E. v. Kuehnelt-Leddihn 426
The Printed Word .....Willmoore Kendall 431
The Ivory Tower .....Wm. F. Buckley Jr. 432
From the Academy .....Russell Kirk 433
To the Editor 439

BOOKS, ARTS, MANNERS

La Trahison des Jerks .....Georg Mann 434
Discipline and Death .....Francis Russell 436
American History in the Schools
Frank Chodorov 436
Year-End Log .....Martin Birmingham 437
Books in Brief 438

NATIONAL REVIEW is published weekly by National Weekly, Inc. —alternately at Orange, Conn. and New York, N.Y. (second-class mail privileges authorized at Orange, Conn. and New York, N.Y.).

Copyrighted 1959 in the U.S.A. by National Weekly, Inc.

Address changes, undeliverable copies, and subscription orders should be sent to:

EDITORIAL OFFICES
150 East 35th St., New York 16, N.Y.
Telephone ORegon 9-7330

Published alternately at 440 Post Road, Orange, Conn., and 225 Varick Street, New York 14, N.Y.

RATES: $15.00 a year ($8.00 for the 32-page issues published at Orange, Conn., and $7.00 for the 8-page issues published at New York, N.Y.). Add $1.00 for Canada, $2.00 for other foreign subscriptions. By arrangement with the Intercollegiate Society of Individualists, Inc. Lafayette Bldg., Philadelphia, the 32-page magazine is available to students and teachers at the special rate of $4.00 a year.

The editors cannot be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts unless return postage, or better, a stamped, self-addressed envelope is enclosed. Opinions expressed in signed articles do not necessarily represent the views of the editors.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The WEEK

● Harvard sociologist Alex Inkeles—presumably because he has nothing better to do—has been investigating laughter, or rather what people "report" about their own laughter, or rather the possible relation between what people report about the frequency with which they laugh and—why but, of course, their social status. And the relation, it turns out, is not at all what we have been brought up to believe: ". . . the lower you are in social status, the less likely you are to report having laughed during the day"; if you are a lower-status woman, indeed, the chances are you will report not laughter but tears; all this, moreover, is just as true in "warm countries" as in "cold countries." And, one supposes, just as true whether you are relaying such information or, like us, laughing at it—and indulging a low-status tear over the research funds that must have gone into *that* one.

● A dispatch from Canada indicates left-Liberal forces will soon launch a third party, patterned after England's Labor Party. How to launch a third party (the question so many American conservatives have brooded over)? A half dozen labor leaders simply decide to launch one. The plan: every union member in Canada will put up a dollar a week—unless he "publicly" disavows his sympathy with the party to which the million dollars per year will be consigned. Such are the ways of Industrial Democracy.

● There is nothing new in the spectacle of Cyrus Eaton driving his words (who, we wonder, is his ghost-writer?) to the brink of treason. But a shift in his political tactics suggests behind his recent moves a brain considerably shrewder than, by any evidence, one can judge his to be. He has lately aimed his remarks as from one big businessman to his fellows, advising self-protection against the "insane fanaticism of John Foster Dulles" and the war plots of the Pentagon. Most disturbing of all is the report in his new and presumably unpaid public relations handout, the *Worker,* that his December 12 speech to Cleveland's Civic Forum (big business-supported) was greeted at the end with "a standing ovation."

● Being a writer is the most perilous occupation in the Soviet Union, says Ivan Bahriany, outstanding novelist and hero of the Ukrainian Resistance who is visiting the U.S. under the auspices of the Ukrainian Congress Committee of America. Bahriany, who outwitted the MVD and escaped to West Germany after the war, spoke at a press conference last week, and said that of the 256 writers he had known in the Ukraine in 1931 (before being sent to a concentration camp for his opposition to Marxism), only 24 remained in 1938 when he returned home (for a brief period before another imprisonment). He predicted that Boris Pasternak will take one of the two ways out for the Soviet writer who will not toe the Party line—silence or suicide.

● Prime Minister Kwame Nkrumah's All-Africa Conference in Accra did not have quite the pulling power he had hoped. There was no representation from the Belgian Congo—a huge region of critical import—nor from the Spanish areas; only a few from the French, other than the Algerian terrorists who came (was it their friend, Irving Brown, the CIO-CIA's roving ambassador, who brought them there?) to urge the necessity of slitting white throats. For the most part the representatives, putative or real, were of the British-controlled territories, most of them now at one or another stage toward self-government. Tom Mboya (the formidable leader of the Kenya labor movement) was named chairman, and echoed the Algerian call for properly targeted violence. Three-foot letters over the dais proclaimed, HANDS OFF AFRICA! The conference theme: AFRICA FOR THE (non-white) AFRICANS! Dr. Nkrumah felt that both the United States and the Soviet Union offered useful models for African independence and unity. Not much beyond talk was accomplished, but Nkrumah nevertheless emerges as a more considerable figure than he seemed when Ghana was born. He is making his bid—even against Nasser—as No. 1 of the new Africa he dreams of founding.

● The dogfights between Israeli and Egyptian planes over the Negev desert, the Nixon-type riots against Assistant Secretary of State Rountree in Baghdad, the violent anti-Western mob actions in Basra, the intrigues of the Kurdish Communist leader, Khaled Bagdash, in Damascus serve as harrassing reminders that, though the world spotlight now focuses on Berlin, the Berlin crisis also serves as a cover for the Soviet thrust into the Middle East.

● A panegyric comes in over the Chinese Communist radio in praise of the Drum Tower Hospital in Peiping, where the Communists have implemented a "Movement to Learn to be Well-Rounded." "One morning (the broadcaster reported) two operations were performed to tie the fallopian tubes. What is different from the past is that the doctors and nurses *changed places* . . . shattering the superstitition that nurses and midwives cannot do operations." Janitors at the hospital are giving injections, taking X-rays, examining hearts and lungs with stethoscopes. Conversely, doctors, who are learning to serve food and carry bed-pans, now will undertake the duties of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

janitors. The slogan under which the movement proceeds is "Reach Heaven by One Step." Dr. Howard Rusk, reporting these matters in a dispatch to the *New York Times,* appropriately ends: "That step may be a short and quick one. It is a new approach to China's age-old problem of population control."

● Stomach Communism Revisited: "Moscow . . . announces its seven year plan," writes TRB in the *New Republic.* "This has its compensation: eventually the Communists will get consumer goods which may change their outlook—a Communist with an electric blanket is already half-corrupted."

If painless dentistry, why not bloodless war? Well, the Army is working on it, and thinks it might be achieved before long "by the use of an aerosol, which would be breathed by enemy troops, and which would temporarily diminish their will to fight and resist." (Give it, even in its present form, to a cat and the cat will tremble in the presence of the mouse it was ready to pounce on a moment ago.) We congratulate the Army on its ingenuity, but don't quite like that part about *enemy* troops. The obvious next step is to arrange to have the formula stolen by the Russians (we know some specialists in such arrangements), forget it ourselves (since we aren't going to fight a war, we don't really need it), and let the benefits accrue, as in all fairness they should, to *our* troops!

From Sputnik to Atlas

So now the nation's orgy of breast-beating at Sputnik is transformed into a retributive orgy of chest-thumping over Atlas! Well, Atlas is something to crow about. And the phenomenon of the President's voice wishing mankind peace and good will from the immensity of outer space is staggering on a good many counts. But what if next week the Russians make first landfall on the moon, or launch the first human being into orbit? Do we then go back to sackcloth and ashes?

A year ago some of the more talkative scientists and all the journalistic pundits were telling us: we are hopelessly outclassed in missiles and space; we are ten years—yes, ten years was the favorite figure—behind; it is doubtful that we can catch up, ever; we are now a second-rate (*cf.* the latest volume of nonsense by Drew Pearson) power. Remember—how many, we wonder, do remember?—the accepted prediction that the Russians were going to hit the moon on the fortieth anniversary of the Revolution, November 7, 1957? Remember the widely printed story—with pictures—insisting that they actually *had* shot a man into space?

NATIONAL REVIEW declined to fall on its face before Sputnik; we have always been worried by far more serious things. We did not accept the idea that the Soviet Union had won scientific and technical superiority. In December 1957 James Burnham wrote flatly: "Today we still have operative superiority in advanced weapons systems . . . [Khrushchev's] moons are a fireworks stunt that has probably thrown his military missile development many months out of phase." In January 1958—the year that witnessed, along with Moscow's failure to follow up its whirlwind start, the sub-Arctic voyages of *Nautilus* and *Skate,* the moon probes and the many-tongued Atlas—Mr. Burnham anticipated "the armament and technological successes that we shall certainly achieve during the next couple of years."

But just as we refused to despair at Sputnik, so do we now keep within measured bounds the rejoicing and pride that we, as Americans, feel at Atlas. We repeat, in relation to our gain of the moment, what we said a year ago in relation to a momentary setback. The weapons race will not be won by spectacular stunts and shrieking headlines. Still more fundamentally: the struggle for the world, though we could lose it by lagging too far behind in weapons, will not be won by superiority in military hardware. We had the weapons—enough to give us an absolute material superiority for at least seven years—but we lacked the policy and the will to use that predominance. We have weapons enough now to blow up all the world. The enemy is not likely during the foreseeable future to gain a general advantage in the physical balance of terror. What we need to secure our freedom is not a TV shot of the moon, but courage to look at the truth about our enemy. In facing the Berlin crisis over the next six months a space platform will count for much less than steady nerves and bold hearts.

Petition to Congress

What do we desire the new Congress to do?

We would have it adopt NATIONAL REVIEW's platform: Individual Freedom and National Survival; but the dominant impulses of the new Congress are neither libertarian nor anti-Communist; and we must settle for what we can get. There are many important matters before Congress, but in the days ahead one issue will dominate, not only our Congress, but virtually every parliamentary and executive department in the West: the issue of Berlin.

We urge the 86th Congress of the United States: Pass a joint resolution by an overwhelming majority, informing the President of the United States that the Congress stands by a decision to commit the use of NATO troops to maintain a corridor to Berlin.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

What Price East Germany?

To Khrushchev's Berlin ultimatum, one part of the answer is military; the other, political. To maintain our presence in Berlin and our access to it requires a military, a strategic, estimate and decision. We must estimate how much force the enemy is going to apply in his attempt to drive us out of the city and the corridors; we must prepare adequate counterforce to make good our determination against his.

Mr. Dulles has indicated that: a) he believes the enemy will not risk general war over Berlin; b) we will stay in Berlin, and prevent the dissolution of it into its Communist environment; c) we will continue to use the air corridors even against local opposition in the air. There does not seem to be as yet a firm decision on the land corridors. NATIONAL REVIEW believes, as General Lucius Clay believed in 1948, that we should refuse to permit the land routes to be shut; that we should be ready to use force to keep them open; that we should state this intention publicly; and that (as we elsewhere propose) the new Congress should make it an early order of business to express its backing of such an intention.

So far, the military answer. The deeper political question remains.

As we write, it is semi-officially reported that the Western powers, having rejected Khrushchev's proposal to make Berlin an isolated "free city" in a Communist ocean, will offer Moscow a package deal: a joint guarantee against German aggression and nuclear arming in return for German reunification through an all-German free vote.

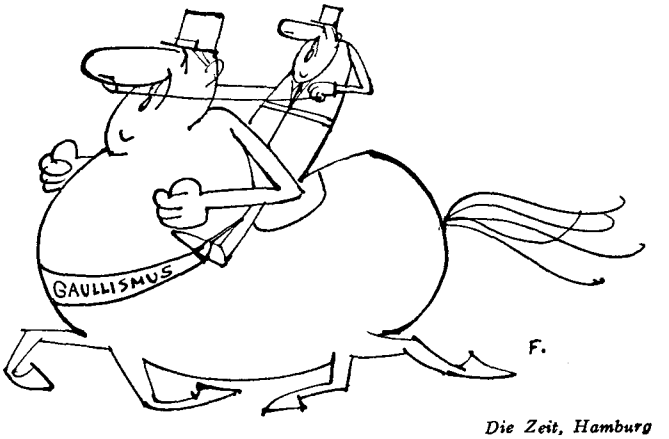
Abstractly, a strong case can be made. Eastern Europe (and Western too) would be assured against the German aggressiveness to which both attribute the start of the two world wars. The Berlin problem would be solved. East Germany would rejoin not only the fatherland but the West: would, in short, have been liberated.

But what return assurance would Germany—and the entire West, of which a rearmed Germany could be a major fortress—receive against the aggressor power, nuclear- and missile-armed, that lies to her east behind the westward flowing plains and valleys of border regions held in iron captivity?

Is it even possible that the contents of the rumored package conceal a changeling waif fathered by George Kennan and his fellow-appeasers? Is the real meaning of this proposal, as it will be comprehended in Moscow, *an offer of formal acceptance of the status quo in Eastern Europe,* along with abandonment of serious German rearmament, all in return for East Germany?

If this is the meaning, the equation is clear. East Germany is not worth it; not by a long chalk. The non-Germanic captive nations by far overweigh East Germany, quantitatively, strategically, morally. So long as we include them within the political perspective of the free world—even as feebly as we have been doing—Moscow is unable to consolidate her hold over them. They remain for Moscow, as her difficulties in Yugoslavia, Hungary and Poland have revealed, a vulnerability instead of an added strength. But if we abandon them *politically* by formal acceptance, even implied, of the East European status quo, as Mr. Kennan has so persistently advocated, then inevitably Soviet Russia will be able to assimilate them into her own organism.

There is no reason why a free election in East Germany should be given priority over free elections in Poland, Hungary or Lithuania. The idea of a package deal is not in itself improper. But the package must include free elections for all the captive nations. In reality "the German problem" and "the East European problem" are inseparably united. There can be no solution of the one without a solution of the other. Unless they derive from this reality our counterproposals on Germany will prove no less ineffective in action than inadequate in theory.



Die Zeit, Hamburg

"Whoa!"

If You Ask Us

The 80th Congress, dominated by the late Senator Taft, figures in contemporary political literature as either the best or the worst of modern Congresses, depending on whether a libertarian or a Liberal is doing the talking. The 86th Congress, now coming up, could reverse the order—but, in spite of the paucity of Republicans on the scene, we are not predicting it.

True, the 86th is not likely to do anything very constructive toward checking the forces making for labor monopoly. If the mild Kennedy-Ives Bill

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

couldn't get past the 85th Congress, the new crop of legislators will hardly vote for a more muscular approach to labor abuses. But we doubt that the AFL-CIO will succeed in its campaign to get the federal government to outlaw state right-to-work laws. The reason for our optimism? Well, at least half the Senators hail from states that are not highly industrialized. And, while Senator McClellan, Democrat of Arkansas, did not succeed in putting his anti-racketeering program across in 1958, it is still not considered a dishonor to have been a member of the committee which put the finger on the likes of Jimmy Hoffa.

In agriculture we look to see a drive to substitute some new version of the Brannan Plan for the present system of price propping. The original Brannan Plan called for a free market in "perishable" agricultural products, with the government making up the difference between the actual price and a "fair" price by giving direct cash subsidy payments to farmers. However, as long as the American Farm Bureau Federation continues its present opposition to treating the farmer as an object of charity (see William Henry Chamberlin's article, p. 425) we don't look to see Brannanism applied to wheat, cotton and corn. The drive to substitute it for Ezra Taft Benson's "flexible price support" system is not likely to get off the ground unless a real depression hits the farm areas.

The real soft spot in the coming Congress will undoubtedly be in the realm of finances. We don't look to see higher taxes—not with 1960 coming up. But—also with 1960 in mind—Congressmen can't be counted on to take strong individual stands against federal spending for projects in their own bailiwicks. Prediction: Congressmen will try to play it both ways, taking stands against "profligate spending," but approving enough "exceptionable" spending to keep a slow inflation going.

A summing up: The 86th Congress, in domestic matters, will play it close to the chest, waiting for Gallup Poll reports on the issues likely to make or break candidates in the Presidential year of 1960.

Mikoyan

Not the least infuriating aspect of the forthcoming Washington visit of Soviet Deputy Premier Mikoyan is the ingenuousness with which the Eisenhower Administration is selling it to the American people. We are invited to believe that Mikoyan simply "applied for a visa" to pay a call on Soviet Ambassador Menshikov (do you suppose he waited in line, like any ordinary *muzhik*?). That, of course, put our government in a terrible spot, for it would be "practically an act of war" to refuse a visa to a high official of a power with which we have diplomatic relations. So we really "had no choice"; and when asked whether Mikoyan will see Eisenhower while he is in Washington, Jim Hagerty rolls his practiced eyes heavenward and vows that he really has no idea . . .

To those who are willing to swallow that version of the event, we are offering this week, at a ridiculously low price, a one-third interest in the Brooklyn Bridge. To all others, we express—not surprise (we are past surprise), but disgust and dismay. It is all, of course, a concerted maneuver between the American and Soviet governments; and Mikoyan, the colorless thug who was rushed to Hungary to help kill freedom fighters in 1956, is to increase the flow of high-ranking Communists on Washington in the months ahead, there to grimace with Ike in the White House rose garden. Whoever sold our affable Chief Executive this idea (no doubt on the hoary excuse that it would help convince Nehru of our peaceful intentions) deserves the Stalin Peace Prize for 1958.

When its Usefulness Ended

We inadvertently neglected to count ourselves out of the celebrations, a few weeks ago, attending the tenth anniversary of the adoption of the Universal Declaration of Human Rights by the United Nations.

The diffuse document in question, an ideologist's delight, lists a number of "rights," many of them alarmingly ambiguous (*e.g.*, the "right to leisure," the "right to work of one's choice") which are designed to become the law of nations via two covenants, ratification of which is tirelessly pushed by the internationalist set. The so-called Covenant draft goes in for a little legerdemain, as the result of which we find ourselves without the freedom of property, originally listed in the Universal Declaration, and with the freedom of religion highly diluted ("Freedom to manifest one's religion or beliefs may be subject only to such limitations as are prescribed by law [!—what other kind is there?] and are necessary to protect public safety, order, health, or morals, or the fundamental rights and freedom of others"). If the Declaration of Human Rights ever becomes the supreme law of the land, there will ensue in America 1) a Hundred Years War during which the courts labor to find out what on earth it all means; 2) a net diminution of the liberties guaranteed by the Bill of Rights. In the slave world, the Covenant, though duly ratified, would be as dead a letter as is the United Nations Charter, with all its exalted talk about freedom and peace. The only reason for celebrating the Human Rights anniversary is that the Commission that drafted the rights absorbed Mrs. Roosevelt's energies for three whole years.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Beavers for President!

We have a letter—a letter? No: an apologia that will do for elevator girls what The Wealth of Nations *did for capitalism—from Miss Dolores Magda Beavers of Los Angeles. We publish her Magna Carta in full:*

"As a regular reader of NATIONAL REVIEW I was shocked and hurt to read in your Bulletin the following: 'The meaninglessness of Modern Republicanism is reflected in the personality of the typical Republican candidate, who looked and spoke like the typical elevator girl . . .'

"I am shocked and hurt, and I resent the implication of your ill-bred editorial, because I am an elevator girl in one of the finest department stores in Los Angeles. Also, may I add, some of my best friends are elevator girls.

"You apparently think we are beneath contempt as far as intelligence is concerned, or you would not have written as you have. I must assure you, my very dear sir, that you do not know the facts.

"Did you know, for example, that it was an elevator girl who gave Jack Kerouac his first instruction in Zen Buddhism? That an elevator girl, in one of our finest office buildings, lectures regularly at the University of Southern California on medieval Latin lyrics? That an elevator girl caught the largest marlin off Baja California during the 1956-57 fishing season? That an elevator girl, and no one else, my very dear sir, was named Miss Comfort Station during the recent drive, headed by Governor Knight and opposed by Senator Knowland, to increase by 37 per cent the number of comfort stations in Southern California? That elevator girls use one-third fewer nylons than the number used annually by American women on the average? That elevator girls have fewer illegitimate children than any other group of female employees in this country? That elevator girls subsist on a lower calorie diet than any other wage-earning group with equal income in the United States? That a 1954 Gallup poll showed that 97 per cent of American elevator girls believe in God? (The European figures, I may say, are quite different.)

"So you can see I have good reason to be hurt when you sneer at elevator girls.

"And, let me tell you in passing, no elevator girl if she was reviewing books would make the awful boners that your Robert Phelps makes. When he reviewed Bryher's *Gate to the Sea* he said that Bryher is writing of a time when the "Romans have come and conquered" Paestum. The fact is that the time of Bryher's novel is eight years after the *Lucanians* have conquered Poseidonia. The Romans did not take the city, and change its name to Paestum, until *fifty years* later. When he reviewed Dinesen's *Anecdotes of Destiny* Mr. Phelps spoke of 'the mutually needful relationship between an artist and his public, even when the artist is a chef and his public a half a dozen exquisite palates.' But the point of the story was that the chef was cooking a superb dinner for a group of religious brethren who had no palates at all. In reviewing Ullman's novel based on Rimbaud's life Mr. Phelps writes, 'the brief, awesome trajectory of his falling star is followed as closely as the few known facts allow.' The truth is that Mr. Ullman has twisted the facts at many points for the purposes of fiction.

"But Mr. Phelps has more than once spoken of 'prowling' through books, and perhaps that is what he does, instead of reading them. May I respectfully suggest that you replace him with a competent elevator girl, or that you insist on his reading the books he reviews instead of merely prowling through them?

"Yours, with all the charity in the world, I hope, but still hurt.

Los Angeles, Cal. DOLORES MAGDA BEAVERS

"P.S. I do hope you will have the courage and the integrity to print this letter in full in your correspondence columns. If you do not I shall know what to think of self-styled conservatives."

Notes and Asides

Russell Kirk, editor of *Modern Age* and author of the "From the Academy" page in NATIONAL REVIEW, will give five lectures at the New School for Social Research, in Manhattan: one lecture a month, on the second Monday of each month, the first lecture scheduled for 8:30 P.M. January 12. His subject is "Conservative Thinkers of the Twentieth Century," and his first lecture will deal with Richard Weaver, Eliseo Vivas and Donald Davidson. (The series was intended to commence in December, but Mr. Kirk's plane from Madrid arrived a few minutes too late for him to reach the lecture room.) Tickets for the series, or for single lectures ($3.25), may be obtained in advance or at the door of the New School, 66 West 12th Street. The general public is welcome.

We are pleased to announce the designation of Mr. James P. McFadden as Assistant Publisher of NATIONAL REVIEW. Mr. McFadden, known to our readers as a frequent contributor to the book review section, is a graduate of Youngstown University and joined the staff of NATIONAL REVIEW in 1956, on returning from military duty abroad.

Our Contributors: GEORG MANN ("La Trahison des Jerks") a science writer who also writes on cultural matters, is a contributor to the *New Leader, Esquire, Coronet,* etc. . . . MARTIN BIRMINGHAM ("Year-End Log") is a free lance writer and reviewer.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NATIONAL TRENDS

L. BRENT BOZELL

Fraud in Arkansas—or Prejudice in Washington?

At four o'clock in the afternoon of Monday, December 15, the special House Elections Committee convened to consider charges of fraud arising out of the election of Dr. Dale Alford over incumbent Brooks Hays in Arkansas' Fifth Congressional District. The witness was a John F. Wells, who identified himself as the publisher of a weekly newspaper in Little Rock. An hour later, the committee asked Congressman-elect Alford to take the stand, learned that Wells' testimony was the first detailed knowledge he had had of the charges; that he was happy to cooperate in any investigation of them. Wednesday morning, at eleven, the Committee met in executive session. After five or ten minutes discussion, it recommended by a 3-2 vote (two Republicans and a Northern Democrat against two Southern Democrats) that Dr. Alford "be asked to stand aside and not be seated," pending a full investigation.

For some—the *Washington Post,* for example—the matter was very clear. That newspaper's lead editorial, next day, complimented the committee on its determination not to reward iniquity, and opined: "No doubt the House will act upon [the committee's] advice." "The fact that Dr. Alford is a segregationist who attacked Rep. Brooks Hays for his moderation," the *Post* added sweetly, "has nothing to do with the issues before the House . . . "

Upon Reflection . . .

For others, a moment's reflection seems in order.

When, after all, had the House ever refused *to seat* a certified representative on the strength of claims that his election might be proved invalid? When had a House committee ever *recommended* such action? This same committee, two years earlier, had recommended seating Rep. Hale of Maine, the certified winner, even though his opponent had apparently won the election on recount. In 1937, New Hampshire's certified representative in a contested election was seated, then ousted after an investigation. Again, when had the committee, or the House itself, ever taken seriously an election complaint in which the defeated candidates refused to join? Rep. Hays had said he welcomed an investigation, but had flatly declined to contest Dr. Alford's seat. Still again, when did it become the practice of congressional committees, or of any other tribunal, to take such momentous action on the totally unscrutinized showing of one man?

Mr. Wells' Evidence

John Wells is a reputable journalist who has always been a bearcat on the subject of clean elections. So, at least, the committee was informally advised by Rep. Hays and his staff. Beyond that, the committee knew and knows nothing about Mr. Wells.

Wells told the committee that his evidence added up to a "prima facie case of fraud"—a phrase the majority dutifully adopted in its conclusion. He made four principal points by way of substantiating the charge.

—Alford supporters had marked their ballots by means of stickers bearing the candidate's name and a printed "X" beside it—"a glaring irregularity" since "the law requires that the voter shall himself write the 'X.'" Later, Wells acknowledged that a few days before the election the Attorney General had expressly approved the use of stickers on the the strength of an Arkansas Supreme Court opinion in 1932. He denied, however, that the Attorney General had passed judgment on "this particular sticker." Such was the extent, evidently, of the committee's knowledge of Arkansas law.

—The Alford stickers, in some cases, had been handed out to voters within a hundred feet of the voting places; in other cases, they had been delivered to election officials along with ballots and other official supplies and had been left on the tables in the voting places; in still others, they had been handed out to voters by election officials. As proof of these deeds, Wells offered the affidavits of several election officials (only one of the affiants, a lady who had wandered over to a neighboring polling place during the course of the day, claimed to have seen an official actually distributing stickers). The committee took no steps to confirm the authenticity of the affidavits, let alone summon the affiants for direct examination.

—In some wards there were more votes recorded in the congressional contest than there were names on the voting registers. In Jacksonville, Ward II, for example, the votes for congressman totalled 434, while the register the voters are supposed to sign prior to balloting showed only 362 names. Here was Wells' strongest argument. But even assuming the accuracy of Wells' figures, the committee had no way of telling what really happened without examining the sealed ballot boxes. The ballot boxes might have been stuffed (fraud). Or there might have been more votes recorded than there were ballots (probable fraud). Or, a third possibility, some voters simply neglected to sign the register (no fraud).

—Dr. Alford masqueraded as a Democrat during his campaign and thus participated in "a conspiracy to use the power of position in the Democratic Party to overturn the will of the majority of Democrats voting in the July 29 primary." Alford answered this charge in his brief appearance. He claimed that he identified himself at all times as "the write-in Democratic candidate," which, he added, he was.

No one would deny that Wells' charges were sufficiently serious to warrant an investigation. But the decision not to seat Dr. Alford had to be based on something else. Something like the Northern Democrats' fear (expressed by Rep. O'Neill) that the Republicans would take sole credit for an anti-Faubus gesture. And like the Republicans' fear (expressed by Mr. Keating and Mr. Dennison) that the Northern Democrats would do the same thing.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Farmers for Freedom

WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN

Boston

The recent fortieth annual convention of the American Farm Bureau Federation provided a convincing refutation of two pessimistic ideas that are fairly widely held. One is that conservatism in America is dead. The other is the conception of the proverbially individualistic American farmer as a sucker for government handouts, with the inevitable accompaniment, government controls.

For the whole atmosphere of the convention was dominated by vigorous faith in traditional American values, in religion, patriotism and the institutions of private property and free enterprise. This was equally marked in the speeches, in discussion on the floor, in chats with the delegates, representing 1.6 million farm families in every state of the Union, as they milled about in the corridors of Symphony Hall during intermissions. There was a healthy distrust of government bureaucracy as a means of creating wealth and solving economic problems that would have gladdened the heart of a distinguished earlier citizen of Boston, John Adams.

Would Curb Supreme Court

And the whole convention was in uproarious contempt of the Warren Court, with its ventures into lawmaking. The President of the South Carolina Farm Bureau, E. H. Agnew, brought down the house with the salty remark:

"There is a surplus of jackasses in this country, and nine of them are on the Supreme Court."

And in the resolutions which were adopted at the conclusion of the meeting the organization declared:

"We are deeply concerned with respect to the tendency of the United States Supreme Court to overrule state laws and to enact legislation by judicial action." The Bureau attacked the President for "acquiescing in such decisions" and Congress for "the tendency to yield certain of its legislative powers to the Supreme Court." There was a recommendation for congressional action prescribing the proper limits of Court jurisdiction and "corrective or conforming legislation in those fields where the Supreme Court has invaded the legislative field."

Other resolutions called for a balanced budget, reduced federal spending, severe curbs on many labor union practices and an elimination of federal controls over agriculture as soon as the present unwieldy surpluses can be disposed of. The rank-and-file delegates as well as the speakers and officials of the organization were loud and vigorous in their expressions of distrust of government interventionism. There was laughter and applause when Evans Perry, of Barrett, New Hampshire, remarked:

"Every time you send $10 to Washington you get 50 cents back. It would be better to keep the $10 at home. Who is the government? We are the government. Where does the government get its money? They get it from us. They put it through 21 different offices where there are 16 girls and 17 fellows, all of them not doing anything."

And there was still a louder round of applause when James Romer, a wheat-hog farmer from Colorado, talked as follows of social security:

"You cannot vote laws to give security. This social security is only one way to redistribute the wealth in the country by law. I don't believe anybody here believes you can do this. If we are going to try to give cradle-to-the-grave security we are not going to provide incentives to success. Other countries that have followed this path have gone over the hill and never come back."

The two principal outside speakers invited to address the convention were Senator Barry Goldwater of Arizona, outstanding conservative survivor of the last election, and Senator Spessard L. Holland, a Southern Democrat who spoke in accents very different from those of the radical laborite Northern wing of the party. Said Goldwater:

"The power of labor will have to be curbed. I can't see any difference between corporation barons who used to buy elections at the turn of the century and labor unions today. If it was wrong for corporation barons to buy elections at the turn of the century it is wrong for labor barons to do the same thing today."

Senator Holland declared that he would join with likeminded Senators and Congressmen to support "legislation to prevent the domination and exploitation of rank-and-file union members by irresponsible and greedy labor bosses" and continued:

"Gang bosses, goon squads, bribery and embezzlement have no more place among unions than they have among our other American institutions. Our working people themselves are the ones who are most hurt by immoral and dishonest union leadership . . . where it exists."

Against Price Fixing

Charles B. Shuman, President of the Farm Bureau Federation, who operates a stock and grain farm near Sullivan, Illinois, repeatedly stressed in speeches from the floor and in talks with newspapermen the all-around harmfulness of high, fixed "parity" support prices, which pile up surpluses and cannot be offset by government-control measures. He recognized that it would be impossible without disastrous economic effects to make an immediate leap to a state of unsubsidized freedom of production; but he left no doubt that this is the direction in which he believed American agriculture should be heading. He spoke with favor of the type of plan recently accepted by corn farmers, who voted in favor of removing restrictions on production and setting prices on a basis not of parity, but of 90 per cent of the average price prevailing during the last three years. Mr. Shuman expressed one opinion very much out of line with that of professional champions of the farmer:

"I am convinced that without price fixing and the attempts to control production, average prices received over the postwar period would have been higher. Some would have been lower at times . . . but I think all

(*Continued on p.* 430)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Letter from the Continent

E. v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

A Strategic Error

The latest Soviet offensive in the war of nerves, shifting from Quemoy to Berlin, has demonstrated both the superiority of the Soviets in launching surprise attacks and the fact that the men in the Kremlin are far from infallible in their tactical decisions. They have shown themselves singularly inept in forecasting normal human reactions, because in their own dominions popular opinion fails to manifest itself in a clear and immediate fashion. A political system which operates with mock elections, censored novels, monitored private conversations and controlled radio broadcasts loses the knack of dealing rationally with the emotions or the reflections of free people. Their way of handling public opinion only increases the narrow, rationalizing doctrinarism, so alien to life, which characterizes all totalitarian regimes resting on watertight ideologies.

The leadership in the Kremlin, while diabolically Machiavellian in some of its aspects, is capable of sudden, breath-taking blunders. The heralded verbal attack against West Germany, coupled with the threat to isolate West Berlin, galvanized all Germans into renewed defiance and anti-Sovietism—a particularly welcome mood, for between the Rhine and the Iron Curtain there remain a number of wishful thinkers who believe it possible to negotiate reunion on other than purely Soviet terms. Apart from the man in the street, with his simple common sense, the Federal Republic (unlike staunchly anti-Communist West Berlin) harbors a motley intellectual crowd of well-disguised Communists, of confused pacifists, of romantic *Brückenbauer* (bridge builders), of brutal opportunists, and of men and women possessed by hatred for the Bonn regime because it refuses to take notice of them.

These circles follow either an agnostic and atheistic or a leftwing Evangelical pattern. They not only repeat the old slogan coined by Niemoeller, "Moscow rather than Rome," but they also twist certain articles of Lutheran faith, such as passive obedience to authority, into a religious sanction for civic loyalty to the Germans living in the Soviet Occupation Zone. They reject the Catholic revolutionary tradition as does the small Catholic intellectual minority which mouths the profoundly un-Christian "Rather Red than dead." Besides these groups, there is also a "nationalist" demimonde which prefers reunion on Moscow's terms to partition, even though partition provides freedom for three-quarters of the Germans. (The population ratio, owing to the constant stream of refugees, undergoes a progressive change in favor of West Germany; in 1945 the West outnumbered the East by two to one; today the relation is three to one.)

In Moscow's Service

This heterogeneous lot of traitors, compromisers and dreamy idealists, though heartily despised by the Kremlin, serves its political strategy with touching loyalty and persistence. And, due to their literary and journalistic connections these people cannot be eliminated from one's calculations. (Paradoxically, they hold commanding positions in the state radio where they are treated with surprising tolerance.)

These renegades receive little support from the masses, who have no love for the brutal masters of the Soviet Occupation Zone and their overlords in Moscow. But owing to the general laziness of human nature and to the prosperity which now holds Germany in a materialistic stupor, the average German tends to relax, to settle down comfortably on the brink of the abyss and to repeat unthinkingly the catchwords of the uprooted pink-brown intelligentsia: "Rather Moscow than Rome," Rather Red than dead," "Rather serfdom in unity than freedom in separation." It is through jolts like the recent communiqués from Moscow that their indignation is aroused and the fervor of their resistance brought to a high pitch.

What the Blockade Meant

At the time of the blockade of Berlin and of the Airlift, Americans were still too deep in the throes of anti-German feeling to appreciate fully what the suffering of the Berliners meant in concrete terms. The blockade, to the Berliners, was an unmitigated nightmare borne with a heroic sense of sacrifice. The Airlift, though a miracle of organization, was not able to provide the city with a sufficient amount of coal or food. East Berlin's Red authorities offered West Berliners the full redemption of their food tickets, but according to the most careful estimates only 4 per cent heeded the invitation. The rest preferred to starve.

Fuel for heating purposes was distributed at the rate of 55 pounds per household for the *whole* winter, so electricity had to be used for cooking. The current was channeled to each district only three hours a day in rotating periods. In one household, for instance, the current would be on from noon to three in the afternoon and in another from three to six in the morning. In the latter case this meant that at 3 a.m. the fully clothed families had to rise, cook, eat, read, write and do whatever needed to be done, because at 6 a.m. the lights would go out again. In December and January, daylight in Berlin does not become effectual before 9 a.m., and vanishes by 3 p.m. One can imagine, under such circumstances, the delights of social life in a city on the latitude of Southern Labrador: people gathered in dark rooms, sitting hungry in their overcoats, breathing out clouds of steam and visible to one another only if somebody struck a match. No wonder that West Berlin is one of the few spots in the world which is unconditionally pro-American!

But whether Khrushchev blundered or not, the Soviet power to initiate action remains incontrovertible. Dictatorial governments have this great advantage over governments which depend upon slow-moving public opinion. In an age of speed, it can be fatal.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Why Did They Fire Bang-Jensen?

His story proves that honor lives on. Does it also prove that honor has no place in the UN? And that UN officials had better not displease the USSR?

PRISCILLA L. BUCKLEY

So far as the public is concerned Povl Bang-Jensen is the United Nations official who refused a year ago to turn over to the UN Secretariat the names of Hungarians who, having been promised anonymity, gave testimony on Soviet brutalities to the special committee that produced the UN Hungarian Report. Bang-Jensen claimed he had been authorized to make that promise; Secretary-General Hammarskjold denied this and accused the Dane of insubordination. Eventually, and to the relief of all concerned, it was resolved that the lists be burned, and so it was that on a blustery January night in 1958, Bang-Jensen and UN Security Officers climbed up to the snow-swept roof of the UN building and consigned four sealed envelopes to the flames.

A good solution, all agreed, and editorial writers who had swung to Bang-Jensen's defense when it was a matter of life and death—the possible life and death of the witnesses and their families in Hungary—turned to other matters. A subsequent report by the so-called "Gross Committee" charging that Bang-Jensen had been guilty of "grave misconduct" was briefly noted and, later, the announcement that the Dane had been dismissed from the United Nations caused a mere ripple.

Those who did think about it must have wondered why it was necessary to take so drastic a step against the man who, after all, had been Denmark's ranking member in the UN Secretariat. If he had exceeded his authority in making a promise of anonymity to the witnesses, would not a formal reprimand, a temporary suspension or some other readily available bureaucratic disciplinary measure have sufficed? The fact is the "affair of the list" was only part of the story. The entire UN Secretariat had been rocked by grave charges Bang-Jensen had brought against UN personnel who, he insisted, had done their best to scuttle the Special Committee on Hungary. It had now become necessary to discredit and get him out of the way—or to investigate his charges.

His Background

Who is Bang-Jensen? He was born in Denmark 48 years ago, and studied economics and law. At the age of 25, he brought out a book, *Retail Price Maintenance and Price Cutting,* which won him the Scandinavian equivalent of the Pulitzer Prize. While researching it in Berlin, he worked closely with the anti-Nazi underground. At the outbreak of World War Two, finding himself in the United States, Bang-Jensen hurried to Washington to offer his services to the Danish Mission, and was instrumental, as chief assistant to Minister Henrik Kauffmann, in negotiating the strategically important "Greenland Agreement" of 1941 which placed Danish air and naval bases on that island at the disposal of the United States. He was credited later with playing an important part in swinging Denmark into the North Atlantic Treaty Organization and away from a neutralist Scandinavian confederation which Sweden favored—an action which did not endear him to the Communists.

In 1947 he took a job as Senior Political Officer in the United Nations' Department of Political and Security Council Affairs, partly because, as a student of international law, he was interested in the development of the organization; partly because he was, and is, a convinced internationalist; partly, to be sure, because the job would enable him and his American wife and two (now five) children to live in the United States. For eight years, so far as is ascertainable, he discharged his duties to the satisfaction of all concerned. As a person he is attractive, with a slim athletic build, thick, slightly graying hair, an impetuous way of speaking and a quizzical smile.

On January 7, 1957, just two months after Soviet tanks had rolled back into Budapest and smashed the revolution, the General Assembly voted into being a "Special Committee on the Problem of Hungary." Bang-Jensen was appointed Deputy-Secretary of the Group, which consisted of five member nations: Australia, Ceylon, Tunisia, Denmark, and Uruguay. Keith C. O. Shann (Australia) was appointed Rapporteur of the Committee and William Jordan (Great Britain) Secretary and liaison officer between the UN Secretariat, into which flowed many of the reports on Hungary, and the Committee itself.

The following is Bang-Jensen's version of what happened inside the Hungarian Committee.

First, on the matter of the witnesses. His job was to handle and interrogate Hungarian refugees and process the data received from them. Since Soviet and Satellite citizens held jobs in the UN Secretariat, many of the recent victims of Soviet aggression were understandably reluctant to allow their names to be filed with the Secretariat. There was some discussion of the problem. Then early in February 1957 (according to Bang-Jensen) he was told verbally by Dr. Protitch, a Yugoslav Under-Secretary for Political and Security Affairs, that Dag Hammarskjold had agreed Bang-Jensen would be the only person in the Secretariat to know the names. This was followed by a memorandum implicitly to the same effect from Andrew Cordier (U.S.), Hammarskjold's Executive Assistant.

Armed with this authority and another memorandum from Cordier to the Controller authorizing him to allow Bang-Jensen to pay out expense money to the refugees to defray travel

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

expenses, etc., without receiving signed vouchers from them, Bang-Jensen and his staff proceeded to question 111 Hungarian refugees, 81 of whom asked that their names be kept secret. (Two high ranking members of the Hungarian Communist Party said they would cooperate with the Committee only if promised that Dag Hammarskjold himself would never learn their names.)

Sabotage Suspected

But other developments were, if we are to believe Bang-Jensen, taking up most of his time. Creeping into the work of the Committee, its draft statements, reports, transcripts of testimony, etc., were what he characterized as "irregularities"—omissions, deletions, and outright distortions of fact. More of these were found than could be laid to carelessness, or overwork, so many that Bang-Jensen began to suspect an organized effort to sabotage the work of the Committee by bringing forth a report on Hungary so riddled with mistakes of fact and emphasis as to discredit itself, and dash its prospect of serving the world as a definitive indictment of Soviet aggression.

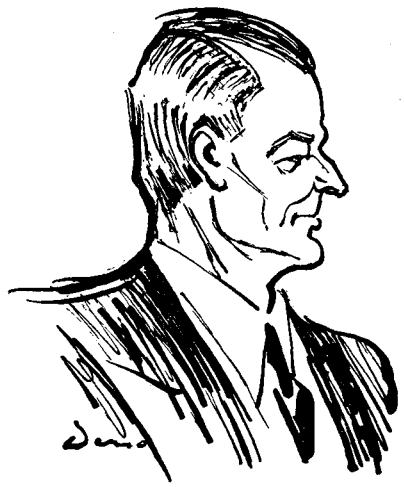
Bang-Jensen made a formal report of his findings on May 31, 1957, to Committee Chairman Alsing Andersen (Denmark) and followed it up on June 4 with a memorandum to Dag Hammarskjold himself. He received a hand-written reply from the Secretary-General suggesting that they meet in the near future and discuss the matter. That tête-a-tête has still to take place—eighteen months later.

What were these irregularities"? Here are three cited by Bang-Jensen in his open reply to the charges that led to his dismissal.

1. An early draft identified Imre Nagy as Premier of Hungary in 1946-1947. Bang-Jensen pointed out to William Jordan (the Committee Secretary) that it was Ferenc Nagy, not Imre Nagy (no relation) who was in fact premier during that period. Jordan promised to make the correction, but did not. Jordan then said that he would not make any changes in the draft until after it had come back from the Rapporteur, but that he would bring the error to the attention of the Rapporteur, Mr. Shann. When the passage was returned, still uncorrected, Jordan told Bang-Jensen: "When the Rapporteur has approved a draft and it states that Imre Nagy was Prime Minister in 1946, then as far as I am concerned, Imre Nagy was Prime Minister in 1946."

Much ado about nothing, one could say; unless, as Bang-Jensen believes, these errors of fact were being willfully introduced into the report in order to discredit it as a whole.

2. At a time when the Special Committee was eager for first-hand evidence that Hungarian freedom fighters had been deported to the Soviet Union, Bang-Jensen learned by accident that Jordan had received information on the whereabouts in the United States of a young Hungarian who had actually been deported to the USSR and had escaped.



Povl Bang-Jensen

When accosted, Jordan first denied he knew anything of the kind, then said huffily that it was not the business of the Secretariat to furnish witnesses to the Committee.

3. The Secretariat had come into possession of the secret text of a speech by President Dobi of Hungary, dated May 9, 1957 (six months after the revolt), in which Dobi said that Janos Kadar had called in Soviet troops to quell the rebellion on November 3, 1956. It was not, however, until November 4—the next day—that the Presidential Council dismissed Nagy and appointed Kadar Premier in his stead. Hence Kadar had had no authority, and hence it is established that it was not the legally constituted government of Hungary, as the Communists would like to have us believe, that called back the Soviet troops—a cardinal point in the indictment of Russia. This evidence Jordan also tried to keep from the Committee, maintaining that "the Secretariat was not obliged nor permitted to draw the particular passages in Mr. Dobi's address to the attention of the Committee."

Bang-Jensen grants that Jordan was not happy in the role of obstructionist. But when pressed for reasons for his actions, he always replied that he had received his instructions from on high. When the Dane threatened to take the matter to Hammarskjold, Jordan told him that since he, Jordan "was in fact acting in accordance with Hammarskjold's instructions it would be very foolish to take the matter up with the Secretary-General."

Dismissal from Committee

Events moved swiftly after Bang-Jensen's formal complaint. On June 7, 1957, the Special Committee on Hungary adopted the Hungary Report. Due to the pertinacity of Bang-Jensen and other devoted members of the staff, the Report emerged as a searing and irrefutable—and moving—indictment of Soviet aggression in Hungary. A fortnight later, Bang-Jensen left for Denmark on home leave. Upon his return August 16, he was denied access to the Committee files by Jordan. Ten days later he was summarily dismissed as Deputy-Secretary of the Committee on Hungary, without explanation.

On October 9, Dr. Protitch of Yugoslavia, the very man who had acted as intermediary in assuring Bang-Jensen he could take personal responsibility for the list of witnesses, formally demanded to see the list. It was the first interest any one had shown in it in eight months time. Bang-Jensen refused. Dr. Protitch informed him that his promise that no one in the Secretariat would see the names did not and, of course, could not include Mr. Hammarskjold himself. Twice more, in November, Protitch asked for the list, and twice more Bang-Jensen refused to part with it, arguing then, as he did later in a public statement, that "A promise was given to the witnesses on behalf of the United Nations by an officer of the Organization. There was no reason for the witnesses to doubt that he was authorized to do so. . . . In the circumstances all lawyers, I should think, will agree that the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

United Nations and I, legally as well as morally, are bound by this promise [which] cannot be modified without the consent of the witnesses themselves."

Public Humiliation

On December 4, 1957, began the private and personal ordeal of Povl Bang-Jensen, of his wife, and to an extent, his children. On that day he was ordered to report to the Office of Personnel and there, in the presence of Dr. Protitch, he was informed that he had been suspended. Further, he was forbidden to tell anyone of his suspension, a difficult assignment in any event, but especially so since the entire Danish delegation was due to dine the following night at his home. He was then put through the public humiliation of being escorted by two UN guards to his office, whence, under their supervision, he was allowed to phone his wife. They then led him to the front door of the UN building—one can imagine the whispering that must have accompanied the procession through the UN corridors—and ordered him not to return. Exit Bang-Jensen. Or so, anyway, was it intended.

As the bureaucrats prepared their final offensive, Bang-Jensen found himself under attack from another side, the victim of a skillfully executed smear campaign to picture him as dissolute and a psychotic. Where it was started, and by whom, no one can tell. But whereas yesterday Bang-Jensen had been known as a trusted and dependable servant of the United Nations, today it was suddenly common knowledge that he was mentally unbalanced, subject to hallucinations, suffering from a persecution complex. The whispers went the rounds! *He's been a borderline case for years. . . . high strung. . . . had to throw him out physically. . . . Remember that UN guy who tried to break into the Waldorf last year and see Ike? It was Bang-Jensen. Wanted to tell Ike some one had planted a bomb in the UN building;* and other fabrications. *He's a drunkard* (about a man who drinks so little he barely qualifies as a social drinker). *He's incompetent* (about a man who had just been nominated by Denmark for a new and more important job in the Secretariat). And, of course, *he's a homosexual,* the charge which figures so often in the character assassination operations of the Communist Party.

Was it a Communist operation? It certainly has the earmarks of one; and if Bang-Jensen was on to something which, if investigated, would lead to disclosures of Communist influence high in the UN, then certainly the Communists are most likely to profit from the impeachment of Bang-Jensen. If Communist agents were involved in the attempted sabotage of the Hungary Report, they are surely contributing gladly to the destruction of Bang-Jensen. And if he goes down, will the Report he played so critical a role in producing go down with him? That, precisely, is the line *Pravda* and *Svzda Nep,* the Hungarian paper, have taken in recent weeks. And for the future, a salutary example to check anti-Communist ardor in international civil servants?

Investigating Group

The machinery to dispose of Bang-Jensen was now in motion. On December 4, the day he was suspended, Dag Hammarskjold appointed Ernest A. Gross, an independent lawyer and former U.S. Assistant Secretary of State under Acheson, head of a three-man group to investigate the case. The Gross Committee ordered Bang-Jensen to appear before it on December 13 and bring with him such "documentation as you consider relevant to help you in answering questions." But Bang-Jensen a) had not been informed of the charges against him, and b) was still physically barred from his office and his files, so that even if he had guessed what documents might be relevant, still he could not put his hands on them. The Gross group talked to Bang-Jensen on December 13 and again on the 16th. On neither occasion was he permitted to be accompanied by his lawyer. Those were the only times he was questioned in the course of a six weeks investigation. Never was he confronted with the men he had accused, never asked to comment on their statements, never given a transcript of their testimony, never allowed any of the documents he, and his lawyer, Adolf A. Berle Jr., considered relevant and necessary to the proving of his charges.

In January 15, 1958, the Gross Group (which had been commissioned as the "Gross Group to Investigate the Bang-Jensen Case," but which now reported as the "Committee to Investigate Mr. Bang-Jensen's Conduct") recommended that the secret list of witnesses be burned. To honor the promises of Bang-Jensen? No; because "they [the names] could be of no present or future use. . . .

> The same irresponsibility which marked his [Bang-Jensen's] method of handling the papers [his refusal to turn them over to the Secretariat?] may have brought about their alteration or defacement in respects impossible now to ascertain. Accordingly, such information as may now be embodied in them is no longer entitled to credence.

Then, three weeks later, the Gross Committee issued a mammoth report (35 pages and 70 annexes) charging Bang-Jensen with insubordination and recommending that the UN Joint Disciplinary Committee take action. It found that Bang-Jensen was not open to "rational persuasion" and accused him of "false and slanderous accusations against his colleagues."

The very weight of the Gross Report seemed impressive evidence of Bang-Jensen's guilt. But it does not appear to stand close scrutiny. For example:

1. It stated that the Chairman of the Special Committee on Hungary, Alsing Andersen of Denmark, had "thoroughly investigated" the charges Bang-Jensen had brought against his colleagues, and found them groundless. Andersen has since admitted that the sum total of his investigation consisted in a one-hour-and-fifteen-minute conversation with the very men Bang-Jensen had accused, during which they simply denied the charges against them and he took their word. In other words, in 75 minutes he had disposed, to his evident satisfaction, of 30 to 40 points Bang-Jensen had raised on one chapter of the Hungary Report alone.

2. The Gross Committee stated that it had carefully investigated allegations Bang-Jensen had made with regard to irregularities during the hearings of the Hungary Committee in Vienna. A puzzling statement in view of Bang-Jensen's insistence that he never told any one what the irregularities he had mentioned in Vienna were. He has challenged the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Gross Committee to produce the document listing the "irregularities" it investigated and found to be "utterly groundless," but to no avail.

The report of the Gross Committee was duly turned over to the UN Joint Disciplinary Committee and Bang-Jensen, at the same time, assured in a memorandum (of March 7) that "all documents required in order to prepare his answers to the charges against him would be made available to him by Mr. Andrew Cordier (Hammarskjold's Executive Assistant) upon specific request."

Still hopeful of beating the system through the system, Bang-Jensen then listed 87 documents he believed necessary to his defense, a remarkable feat of memory since he was still barred from his desk and files and was working with what secretarial assistance he could personally afford. But he never got the papers. Some he says he didn't really expect to get since he doesn't believe they exist, although they were referred to in the Annexes to the Gross Report. Bang-Jensen refused two summonses to appear before the Disciplinary Committee, arguing that he could not defend his position without the documents he had requested; and on the same grounds he refused to submit a written answer to the charges against him. On June 5, the Committee recommended that he be dismissed and on July 3, Dag Hammarskjold informed the Danish Political Officer that he had been fired.

Dag Hammarskjold's statement of dismissal summed up the charges against Bang-Jensen. The lengthy rebuttal Bang-Jensen issued several days later went unnoticed by most of the press. Why?

A reporter for the *New York Post* told Bang-Jensen that his paper had dropped the story because they had heard that Bang-Jensen was insane and also because undue publicity would give the reactionary Right another weapon with which to belabor the United Nations.

So Bang-Jensen now found that when he turned to the press for help it was no longer in his corner. Still refusing to accept his dismissal (he sent back his termination pay check of $17,000 and is reported to have mortgaged his life insurance in order to pay his daily bills) Bang-Jensen appealed to the Administrative Tribunal of the UN—the organization's highest judicial body—not for a reversal of Dag Hammarskjold's decision, but for access to the documents withheld from him. That request has now been turned down.

Reopening of Case Urged

In his appeal, he is supported by the Danish Government, which voted him $5,000 a few weeks ago to help defray his legal expenses in the fight, (and that despite the fact that Alsing Andersen, Chairman of the Hungarian Committee, who sides with Hammarskjold, is head of the Danish Social Democratic Party, one of the coalition parties in the Danish Government). Bang-Jensen has also received the support of the influential "Council Against Communist Aggression," which numbers among its supporters lawyers, professors, legislators, ministers and labor leaders, such men as Representatives Hays (Ark.) and Bentley of the House Foreign Affairs Committee, Dean Roscoe Pound, the Rev. Dan Poling, C. Dickerman Williams and others. They are urging the United States to press for a reopening of the Bang-Jensen case.

And that is where the matter stands. It is a year since Bang-Jensen was suspended. He has been without salary for six months, and at 48 faces the prospect of looking for another job with his character blackened and even his sanity in question. What has he proved?

Well, in the matter of the lists, he proved that honor lives on, even if it does get into trouble with the United Nations Disciplinary Committee. Eighty-one Hungarian refugees sleep better at night because it was a Bang-Jensen in whom they placed their trust. But what of future refugees? Will they trust UN officials?

On the other questions: Bang-Jensen's side of the story, which we have reported here, has not been proved. We have only his word for it about the tendentious irregularities in the work of the Special Committee on the Problem of Hungary. He has not proved his case; he could not without the documents. On the other hand, the UN *has* the documents and *its* case. The Gross Report does not stand up. It is not enough to say—as the Gross Report did—that Bang-Jensen's charges were "utterly groundless"; that, for instance, his charges relating to the suppression of witnesses were so "demonstrably groundless" as to raise serious questions about the "rationality of his behavior." This will not suffice.

Many will continue to believe that Bang-Jensen was unjustly fired—that, as a Danish paper recently said, he was fired not for misconduct but for "too much good conduct." When will there be an impartial review of his case? A review which will center on the conduct of Messrs. Jordan, Shann, Andersen and others, rather than on the conduct of Bang-Jensen?

(Reprints of this article are available at 15 cents each, 100 for $10.00. Address Department R, NATIONAL REVIEW, *150 East 35th St., New York 16, N.Y.)*

FARMERS FOR FREEDOM

(Continued from p. 425)

agriculture would have been better."

The spirit of the convention was well reflected by a poster prominently displayed on the stage of Symphony Hall, stating as part of "The American Way of Life" "Fundamental Faith in God," and listing, along with our constitutionally guaranteed rights and freedoms, the following "economic rights": "To save . . . make a profit . . . contract . . . compete . . . work . . . bargain collectively . . . go into business . . . "

It was a rather significant study in contrast that, just as this gathering of American farmers was giving Mme. Chiang Kai-shek standing ovations at the beginning and end of a speech in which she described land reform in Formosa and the terrific exploitation of mainland Chinese farmers in communes, a very different version of Far Eastern development was being presented on the other side of the Charles River by Mr. Owen Lattimore. He was invited to speak by the United Nations Council of Harvard and Radcliffe and spent some days as an invited resident guest at Lowell House. After all, the Senate Internal Security Committee had described him as "a conscious, articulate instrument of the Soviet conspiracy"; what higher credentials as a Far Eastern expert could be required? Mme. Chiang at the American Farm Bureau Federation; Lattimore at Harvard. *Chacun à son gout.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The PRINTED Word

WILLMOORE KENDALL

Snowing Down South

Now that everybody is as much against Communism as anybody else, we are developing a new literary *genre* in America, namely: the article, published in nominally anti-Communist publications like the *Nation* or the *Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists,* that embody the Party line yet don't stamp the author, or the publication that publishes him, as subversive. The *genre* has its own special problem, namely, How far can you go without going too far?

Let us, with that in mind, have a look at Norman Birnbaum's "Lure of the Brink," in a recent *Nation,* and see what we come up with:

The author is "against" Communism, must be because he can write: "The Communist states simulate consensus with familiar, battered stage sets . . ." If he has anything good to say for the Communists, it is only—and what harm can there be in pointing it out?—that those who see the Communists as "secular substitutes for the devil" are—well, wrong.

The author is, recognizably, one of "us": "We [that is, you, and I, and he right along with us] value an informed and active citizenry." The worst he can be accused of is indulging some opinions about "our" leaders that some of "us," even some of "us" who have deep political differences with those leaders, might deem a little severe: "Western governments . . . have resorted increasingly to lies. . . . Eisenhower claims that Dulles' policies will cost money not blood. All the NATO governments speak peace while preparing for war." Indeed, you have to turn that one about blood and money around, so to speak, to tease out its implications and savor its full meaning, namely: Dulles' policies are going to cost blood; Eisenhower knows that, and chooses to lie about it.

The author is mainly concerned to point up some "political paradoxes" that characterize Western public opinion: "The Western peoples want peace and are nonetheless prepared to risk atomic war." ". . . the American man in the street still thinks [imagine!] that a line ought to be drawn against the Communists—if not in front of Quemoy, then in front of Formosa." That man in the street has, therefore, not challenged the "evasions and half-measures by which the Western powers have maneuvered themselves out of the obligation to stop nuclear-weapons tests." He still wants to "repel what has been successfully depicted as a direct threat to . . . [his] existence"; and, since he does not question "the reality of the threat," he does not "criticize the measures taken to meet it." In a word: he does not insist, as he clearly should, on a policy "designed to avoid the brinks" (I leave it to the reader to turn *that* one around into anything except: Always give in to the USSR).

Those Bellicose Americans

The author faces courageously the question of where the belligerency of the American public towards the Soviet Union actually originated. It is a "legacy . . . from the late Senator McCarthy, who contributed immensely to the development of a public image of a Communist menace internal as well as external, extending from Moscow to the local reservoirs (fluoridated by subversive scientists)." (As if there could be such a thing as a subversive scientist!) And our author wants us to be clear as to just what is wrong with the "image": it depicts the Soviet Union as a "threat to the very pattern of ordinary American lives."

Which brings our author around to what is recognizably a theory as to the genius of the "cold war": "the Americans dislike sharing world power with the USSR . . . [This is the result of anxieties] peculiar to the internal development of Western societies. . . . [People] have attached themselves compulsively to the symbols of national unity, despite the palpable evidence of social division." (*The rules do not, it seems, forbid one's letting one's slip show a little now and then—provided one does not quote Marx directly.*)

The author is concerned, *inter alia,* about what that "bellicosity" does to persons who won't go along with it. It is "quick to accuse the opposition of non-national behavior. The terms are varied: 'subversive' in the United States, 'unpatriotic' in Britain . . . [Those] who suggest new policies . . . are not just different; they are treacherous. . . . [If] the Communists did not exist, they would have to be invented."

The author does *not* say that Western democracy is no more democratic than you know what, but he's thinking it mighty loud: "The members of Western society are . . . as individuals, dependent and impotent. . . . The daily business of politics has become, in popular perspective, another racket; and that perspective is not altogether false."

And so on and on—through the tribute he pays, in his capacity as a "liberal critic," to the leaders of the new democracies in Africa and Asia (it is "they who seem to give effect to the notion of popular rights"), another tribute to the peoples of Africa and Asia (they—unlike us, presumably—"have something to live for—as peoples"), through sad recognition of the fact that "inevitably, they are attracted by Marxism-Leninism" and—one can see it is breaking his heart—the further fact that the "liberal democratic values can hardly exercise a counter-attraction." And then back to those helpless Western peoples and their situation with respect to a possible war!

"The Western populations are, no doubt, discontented with their own lives. But they lack effective ways of expressing that discontent . . . [They] are prisoners of the past . . . This suits the elites ruling Western society very well. . . . [It] gives freedom of maneuver *to those* [not, of course, the Russians] *who purposefully court war.*" (Italics ours.)

And, finally: ". . . many of our fellow men may prefer catastrophe to that painful reconstruction in our society which alone can avert it."

That slip again, Norman! But perhaps we should be polite and not mention it.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE IVORY TOWER

WM. F. BUCKLEY, JR.

Here & There in the College World

• A year or so ago I wrote in this column that financial appeals by private colleges, if they are to be wholly convincing, will have to based on something more than alumni loyalty to the abstract cause of higher education. The majority of the nation's colleges were not designed to be and have not in the past been administered as lacunae of what Russell Kirk would call defecated intellectuality. They have been intellectual communities first; but also social and traditionalist communities, through which intelligent and responsible members of the elite have passed on common cultural experience to new generations. Discussing **Princeton** as a case in point, I concluded that "alumni are entitled to ask—and to arrive at an understanding on the matter before they decide on the extent of their support—that their sons, other things being more or less equal, be acknowledged by Princeton as favorite sons."

The column in question was widely circularized among Princeton alumni by Mr. Charles E. Whitehouse, who heads a private "Alumni Committee on Princeton Objectives." I note now from a recent publication of the Alumni Council on Princeton University entitled "Answers to your questions about the admission of Princeton sons," an unequivocal and arresting statement on admission policy which is a significant reversal of current trends:

"Q. When a Princeton son applies for entrance these days, is he in direct competition with thousands of other boys? A. No. Actually, the Princeton son does not have to compete against non-Princetonians. No matter how many other boys apply, the Princetonian is judged from an academic standpoint solely on this question: Can he be expected to graduate? If so, he's admitted. If not, he's not admitted. It's as simple as that."

• THE END OF A COMMITTEE: To the dismay of the **Harvard-Radcliffe** Committee to Study Disarmament, it woke up toward the end of an evening to find moved, seconded and adopted, a motion to change its name to the Council Against Appeasement! "The action taken last night," the chairman of the erstwhile Committee to Study Disarmament told the *Crimson,* "is flagrantly unconstitutional." He revealed the methods of the subverters. The ringleader had apparently formed a study subcommittee of the Disarmament Committee, and got thirteen anti-Communists to come to a meeting of it. Because, by charter, a member has to attend *two* consecutive study meetings in order to qualify to vote at a general meeting, the subcommittee chairman called the first meeting to a close after the transaction of business, then called a second meeting to begin fifteen seconds later. Whereupon, duly qualified, the subcommittee marched to the meeting hall and—before the opposition could fire a single shot, disarmed the disarmers.

• LET THERE BE LIFE AT THE **University of North Carolina** (from the *Tar Heel*): "The University used to be a political hotbed. It used to be a place where Communism ran rampant and radical organizations sprang from the ground.

"There are no such organizations currently present on the campus, and this is indicative of a bad state of affairs . . . The campus has been dead too long. Let there be at least some life."

• From an editorial in the first fall issue of the **Yale** *Daily News:* "Yale has a tendency to be bureaucratic. And we dislike bureaucracies intensely. Look in, for a moment, on a morality play which the University puts on regularly. It is called 'When the Boys Are Away the Deans Will Play.' The play deals with the progressive dismemberment of the individual at the hands of a statist administration. Two items from the play: Item One. It is being recommended to the freshmen . . . that they take a specially arranged tour of the campus. In *busses* no less . . . Item Two. A typical statist disease, creeping paternalism . . . Installed in the rooms of [undergraduates returning from vacation] is one of those incredible desks which the local regime not only nails to the floor but glues to the wall . . . thus precluding not only basic mobility but any decent shot at redecorating the place. The [legless desks] are no doubt intended to prevent undergraduates from beating their untidy roommates to death with table legs. Desks with legs—that is, ordinary, non-statist desks—were a big feature in the old days . . . We don't mind telling you, as far as we're concerned, anybody who needs a guided bus tour around the campus doesn't deserve, by any stretch of the imagination, a movable desk.

"Frankly, the whole trend scares us."

• Is it natural that the federal government should regulate the schools for which it appropriates funds? Is it proper? A student at the **University of Florida** forwards the views of her textbook (Ogg and Ray's *Introduction to American Government,* Appleton-Century-Crofts, New York, 1956, p. 659): " . . . as for the regulatory power commonly going along with [federal] grants, the Supreme Court has said that it is natural and proper for the government 'to regulate that which it subsidizes.' *Wickard* v. *Filburn,* 317 U.W. 111,131 (1942)."

• From the inaugural address of Dr. Richard G. Folsom, new president of **Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute:** "We must set our own educational objectives for this country and not become panicked into accepting without critical review those of the Russians, the Germans, the Latins, or of any other country. Our objectives must fit our own degree of cultural and scientific accomplishments. Education is not a race. It is a response to a way of life."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

Reforming Administrators

There is one group in America which could restore the works of the mind in our public schools in very short order if its members so resolved: the professional administrators, the superintendents and principals. Most school boards do whatever the superintendent tells them they should; in most communities, the superintendents prescribe the curriculum and select the teachers; and the dominant element in the National Education Association and its state affiliates is these administrators.

But according to recent polls of opinion, the majority of school superintendents refuse to confess that anything possibly could need reforming in our schools. Most of the teachers believe something is wrong; many of the principals think so, too; but comparatively few of the superintendents, who often are barricaded in their offices against the hard realities of the classrooms.

I am not saying that this rigidity or indifference is universal among superintendents. On the contrary, much of the information about schools which I publish in this page is sent to me by town and county superintendents. The reforming and intelligent superintendents are a minority, and in some regions a forlorn remnant; but they exist; and I think their number is increasing.

I am heartened, for instance, by some remarks of Dr. Charles H. Connolly, Superintendent of Schools in Lindenhurst, Long Island. Mr. Connolly, until recently a college dean, made his educational first principles clear upon his coming to Lindenhurst, and has reaffirmed his stand several times. "In no case has any member of my staff disagreed with the point which I made," Dr. Connolly writes to me. "I feel that the teaching profession generally is interested in quality education. I know that my remarks have met with unanimous approval. I think the villains, if there are any villains other than society as a whole, are not the administrators or the classroom teachers, but some of the college professors, psychiatrists, and sociologists." (Dr. Connolly, by the way, is not an educationist, but an economist.)

Some of Superintendent Connolly's observations in his reports to the Lindenhurst Board of Education deserve quotation here:

> There is a "Great Debate on Education" raging over the land. It is important for all of us intimately concerned with schools to remember that the schools in a free society reflect that society; that a philosophy of "natural goodness" and an emphasis on happiness and a good time have been the earmarks of adult society in our time. A paternalistic theory of human life has certainly found many champions in areas outside of education.
>
> I would like to make as my first point the fact that we teachers want excellence. We have always wished to demand achievement. We know that education requires work; that ideas are not poured in like loads of coal, but require attention, concentration, and the active and hard participation of the student. We know students can work harder than a philosophy of paternalism demands. . . .
>
> We shall continue "the pursuit of excellence" . . . We agree with Emerson that "every really able man, if you talk sincerely with him, considers his work, however much admired, as far short of what it should be." . . .
>
> We indulge in realism and not pessimism when we admit that the badge of excellence marks the uncommon man and not the common man.

Dr. Connolly and his staff have proceeded to give these principles reality by revising the curriculum with the end of improving intellectual disciplines; and they have commenced experimental programs in this spirit, particularly a twelfth-grade mathematics plan. They have called a halt to the encroachments upon school time by "other social agencies": fewer public announcements in classrooms, and fewer fund-drives. "I am not suggesting that spiritual excellence or social excellence is unimportant," Dr. Connolly writes: "I stress intellectual excellence because this is the *primary* work of the school."

The Odds Against Them

Despite all my melancholy vaticinations upon the state of American schools, I rather think that Superintendent Connolly and men like him will gradually work a truly conservative reform in our primary and secondary education; but the struggle will be hard and long. Such gentlemen will require all the help they can obtain from school-board members and parents and taxpayers; for the odds still are against the intelligent reformers.

Those administrators who have scoffed at the works of the mind and have sung the praises of "life adjustment" still sit in the seats of the mighty. They have maintained their mastery over the schools in many communities by leaguing themselves with those soft-hearted parents and local sentimentalists who think "boys and girls ought to have fun"—all round the clock. Often they have manipulated the local Parent-Teachers Association to create a show of popular support for the "life-adjustment" curriculum. They have pandered to the people who think of the school as the local free circus; they have cajoled the anti-intellectual elements of the community in the name of "a better future for our wonderful boys and girls."

Now, slowly, the tables are beginning to turn. The citizens who respect intellectual disciplines are becoming more vociferous than the fun-clique of parents; and forthright and intelligent superintendents like Dr. Connolly have a hearing once more. These reformers have against them the professors of pedagogy in the schools of education, the bureaucrats of the federal and state offices of education (with some honorable exceptions) and the hierarchs of the NEA. Superintendents like Dr. Connolly, and twenty or thirty more I could name, need our sympathy and aid; and when we condemn the educational follies of our time, we ought to make sure that such men are not included in our indictment.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

La Trahison des Jerks

GEORG MANN

Now, after two years, Simone de Beauvoir's *The Mandarins* can be looked at more objectively. The easily shocked have recovered. Nelson Algren is safe beside his lagoon in the Indiana dunes, and even the royalty checks have subsided to a trickle. The least we can offer this most intellectually ambitious of recent novels is the courtesy of a regular medical check-up . . . if not an autopsy.

Most mystifying, at first glance, is why the author was not immediately brought to the attention of the Better Business Bureaus, along with the vendors of grass seed guaranteed never to grow to a cuttable height, or dispensers of free coupons for baby photographs. By calling her novel *The Mandarins,* she misbranded it beyond all permissible advertising canons. We are offered philosopher kings whose massive intellects and fierce integrity dominate a society dedicated to the mind and art. Opening the package, we find merely another assortment of the sweat-stained wretches who have exhausted themselves and our patience dragging the junks of Communism up the gorges of the world.

But perhaps her novel, describing the lives and loves of French intellectuals and what happens when they think about themselves thinking (get away from me with that *cogito,* boy) was deliberate glass beads manufactured for the export trade. By this standard, it proved an unqualified success. With a staying power demonstrated by a six-months' lease on the *New York Times* best-seller lists, de Beauvoir made the six-dollar novel a going art form in the United States.

Market research could not have designed a better product. The main theme of the novel is the simple amplification of what has proved to be the most durable theme of the American radio soap opera, the attempt to answer the burning question, "Can romance come to a woman over 35?" In the ringing affirmative answer that comes from Anne Debreuilh, the novel's heroine, de Beauvoir has shown herself to be the literary peer of those industrious and anonymous hacks who made *The Romance of Helen Trent* the longest-lived of all soap operas. At the end the reader is not only convinced that love can come to a woman over 35, but is more than adequately briefed on the elementary technical details.

This exhaustive look at sex through the Fallopian tube enlarged a field already deeply plowed by de Beauvoir in her *La Deuxième Sexe.* Here, where *kitsch* and kitchen happily unite, all female difficulties, from penis envy to *Mittelschmerz,* are heaped on the head of the inoffensive and offending male. Women are celebrated as the unhappiest sex since the jobs of the watchmen of the sultan's harems were abolished. Inevitably, this theme, as the death rates of the sexes continue to skew apart, will prove to be the bluest-chipped of all literary securities, surpassing even the growth potential of books about the Civil War.

The twin merchandising pitches of the soap opera and the sexual counterrevolution merge irresistibly in *The Mandarins.* The leading female characters are poised for the ring of a doorbell, relentlessly determined to be unhappy if it rings or if it doesn't. The character of Josette, ravishingly beautiful, untalented, stupid and venal, is extruded from soap-opera dies plainly marked, "the other woman." Nadine, Anne's daughter, a sullen vixen who is sadistically paying off all scores against the male sex originally billed to her mother, has all the engaging dreamlike qualities of a small boy's vision of himself as a bloodthirsty pirate on the Spanish Main. And biology itself becomes the ultimate villain, responsible for deeds as black as those which characterize the American State Department.

But *The Mandarins* presumes to be more than a compilation of the literary merchandising approach aimed at by the broadest possible standards. The author presents a group of characters who are not merely French intellectuals, but—as they keep nervously reassuring each other—the leading minds of France. Unquestionably, they are French. But, except by the broadest possible standards—which would include such authors as Adlai Stevenson and Dwight D. Eisenhower—if they are intellectuals, cybernetics is long overdue.

Judged by the major issues it raises, the novel is one long catastrophe. The source of the intellectual flaws is plain—Gallic educational formalism stretched on the Procrustean bed of what passes for thinking in the Communist movement, Pelion piled on Ossa. The former is the end product of exposing generations of adolescents to the monitory voice and compartmentalized mind of *maître* or *maîtresse,* stressing a truncated idea or a formally bounded emotion at the precise moment decreed in the agenda of the Ministry of Education. Man's intellectual history is turned into a set of stereotypes, resembling life as much as the face cards resemble the court of Louis XI, valid only in terms of each other, never in terms of the real world.

Two of these stereotypes, in their gaudily implausible splendor, dominate *The Mandarins.* One is the character called Lewis Brogan, an American novelist who is the object of one of the most tedious love affairs in all fiction. Brogan is the natural man, out of Rousseau by Chateaubriand, unchanged since the French novel of the early nineteenth century. Irre-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sistibly attractive, taciturn, moody, inscrutable, Brogan is the noble savage translated out of the lower Mississippi into North Clark Street, from forest glades into a neon-lighted wilderness.

The second stereotype which gives form to the novel is an unqualified disaster. It is the *mystique* of the Left, the bland embezzlement of the slogans of the French Revolution for deposit in the bankrupt account of the bureaucrats of the French Communist Party. Without apology, in a post-Tchernavin, post-Serge, post-Koestler world, the author expects her readers to accept as intellectuals men and women who take the pronouncements of the French Communist Party seriously. Barnum would have blushed. And yet, brandishing the authority of the stereotype of the Left, she expects us to listen seriously to disquisitions by various characters as to why they do not take out a party card.

THIS LEADS to the crowning embarrassment of the novel, the great crisis which occurs when one of the two greatest minds of the twentieth century—the author's words, not mine—seriously debates whether or not the Soviet Union has the equivalent of concentration camps. Piling one "if" upon another, the author, in all seriousness, then asks us to be concerned about the problem of whether these suppositious concentration camps should be mentioned in the political press.

De Beauvoir's great crisis can only be accepted by minds capable of standing in the shambles of Buchenwald and arguing whether Hitler had been a help or a hindrance to the lives and fortunes of European Jewry. Search the literature, tabulate the themes, and nowhere will you find a more gratuitous insult to the human intellect than in her assumption that Soviet concentration camps are far less a topic for debate than their Nazi parallels.

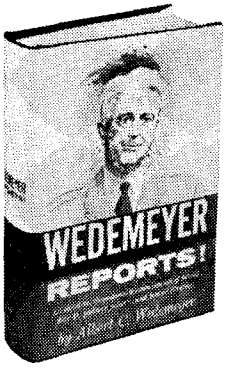
Since the discovery of the syllogism, there has been a slow and painful development of intellectual criteria. There have been laws of evidence, laws of reasoning, rules for inductive and deductive interpretation. These not only make possible a rational choice of action, but serve as a guide to interpreting the past. Perhaps they may be summed up by saying that not even the gaudiest promises of the future can justify the casually gruesome means of the present.

Intellectually, this novel is the most magnificent example of the working of the double standard since *East Lynne*. On the one hand, there is the Soviet Union, crowned with the pervasive label of "the Left," purehearted, and, like the Victorian male, to be forgiven its backsliding from strict morality. On the other, there is the suspect concept of the West as essentially responsible for all evil, with particular emphasis on poverty in Portugal. True, the bill of particulars is vague, perhaps deliberately so. The most specific attack on the West is embodied in the comment on the United States by the heroine, who finds it "*trop de tout.*" The United States is damned for tall buildings, clean hotels, neon lights, for too much of everything—until one suspects that such criticism is merely envy of plumbing that works and of world power, both commodities in notably short supply in France.

Yet in an age flooded with "How To" books, a "How Not To" book has a validity all its own. And certainly Simone de Beauvoir has created the finest "How Not To" book of the post-World War II era.

A Sizzling Book!

WEDEMEYER REPORTS!



GEN. ALBERT C. WEDEMEYER

* "Sensational . . . bound to make headlines."
—John Barkham, *Saturday Review Syndicate*

* Bound to stir tempers and provoke questions."
—*New York Herald Tribune*

* Should cause reverberations in this country, in Britain, and in the Orient." —*Cleveland Plain Dealer*

* "For all its controversial judgments—and they are many—Wedemeyer's careful survey . . . is of profound interest."
—Mark S. Watson, *New York Times Book Review*

AN IMMEDIATE BEST SELLER!

4 LARGE PRINTINGS IN TWO WEEKS!

--------USE THIS CONVENIENT COUPON NOW!--------

The Bookmailer, Box 101, Murray Hill Station, New York 16, N.Y.

Please send me at once postpaid.....copies of WEDEMEYER REPORTS! by Gen. Albert C. Wedemeyer—$6.00
I enclose $.....
☐ check ☐ money order

Name .....
Address .....
City..... Zone..... State.....

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Discipline and Death

FRANCIS RUSSELL

THE THREE MONTHS that I spent as a Canadian cadet at Three Rivers during World War II were undoubtedly the hardest of my life. In addition to the regimen under the eye of an ex-Guards sergeant major there was the psychological handicap of knowing that one out of three of us would never graduate. Yet for all the hardness of its days it was a good time, not just retrospectively but in the actual moment. What we endured made us respect ourselves. None of us would have exchanged his lot for that of a civilian. On the other hand, a few years earlier as a private in the American Army, I experienced arbitrary exercise of authority by those unfit to wield it. It may sound trivial now; but then, as one of a group of grimy KPs, to scrub and set up a mess hall only to have the mess sergeant stride along overturning our tables and sending the tin plates and cutlery skittering across the floor filled me with as hopeless and impotent a rage as I have known. Technically we might have had redress from the drunken lout who drove us. Actually there was none.

These are the two poles of military discipline. The second and more publicized is the easier for the civilian to comprehend. The Marine tradition is the first. It produces an elite, a man proud of himself and that he has had it hard. For generations the Corps has taken its raw material, often unpromising enough, and molded it at Parris Island into a Marine. Such boot training has been rough, humiliating and exacting, but it has not been capricious. On the whole it has justified itself by the men it has produced.

In any such training occasional tragic accidents are bound to happen. Such an accident was the drowning of six recruits during a night disciplinary march at Parris Island's Ribbon Creek two years ago. At the time, Staff Sergeant Matthew McKeon who had called the unfortunate march seemed to typify a brutal and anachronistic attitude on the part of the Corps toward its recruits. Though Sergeant McKeon, a conscientious drill instructor and a decent man, was acquitted on the major charges at his court martial, his sentence on a minor charge—later modified by the Secretary of the Navy—was savage.

Among those removed from command in the aftermath was Colonel (now Brigadier General) William McKean, Sergeant McKeon's commanding officer. General McKean has spent the last two years writing a voluminous account of this affair (*Ribbon Creek: The Marine Corps on Trial,* Dial, $5.00). His book, which is a justification both of himself and the then current training practices, encompasses not only the march and the court martial but the whole general set-up of Parris Island and the background of the Marine Corps. That a deplorable accident became a nation-wide scandal he blames on the shiftiness of the higher-ups, particularly the Corps Commandant, General Pate. General McKean from the vantage of his retirement can say what he thinks, and he says it. Probably he did not intend to write a sociological study, but that is what he has done. In spite of the journalese of his style he has written a good book. Quite properly it is dedicated to the six dead recruits.

American History in the Schools

FRANK CHODOROV

THE PRACTICE of rewriting the record of the past so as to draw support for an ideological conceit is not confined to the Marxists. American historians with pretensions to scholarship are not above making use of the art, as E. Merrill Root shows in his new book, *Brainwashing in the High Schools* (Devin-Adair, $4.50). The book consists of an examination of eleven American history books used either as texts or collateral reading in many of our high schools.

These texts are characterized by an attempt to interpret the history of our country in terms of materialist dialectics. The American Revolution, for instance, is described as both a vertical and a horizontal revolution: it was not only a struggle between the colonists and the British regime, but also between the ruling class and the exploited class within the colonies. The students also learn from these books that the Constitution was designed by capitalists for the express purpose of continuing and strengthening their privileged position, at the expense, of course, of the "common man." They learn, too, that Washington was more concerned with the fortunes of his class than he was with independence; that Hamilton was a reactionary, nothing else; that Jefferson, far from favoring the institution of private property, as his writings testify, was a "Liberal" in the modern sense. Andrew Jackson was the nearest thing to a perfect President until Franklin Roosevelt came along.

The value judgments with which these books abound stamp them as propaganda rather than history, and rob them of any claim to scholarship. Thus, Federalists receive some praise for their advocacy of centralization, but are condemned for their capitalistic purpose, while the states rights position of the anti-Federalists gets a demerit. Each period in our history, and its ruling regime, is evaluated according to the prevalence of "reform"; the conservative Coolidge era is the nadir of life in America, while the grand goal of "democracy" is approached during the regimes of Jackson and the two Roosevelts, particularly the later one. Incidentally, the fact that our form of government, as originally conceived, is republican is passed over; it is a "democracy," and, though this term is not defined, it is used, perhaps not consciously, in place of socialism. At any rate, these historians believe in centralization, interventionism, high taxes and the redistribution of wealth. Their predisposition is emphasized by their leniency toward Soviet Communism as contrasted with their violent denunciation of Nazism or Fascism. Oh

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Eleven Texts

Dr. Root Examined

The United States—Experiment in Democracy, Avery Craven and Walter Johnson

The Making of Modern America, Leon H. Canfield and Howard B. Wilder

America's History, Lewis Paul Todd and Merle Curti

The American Story, Ruth Wood Gavian and William A. Hamm

Story of America, Ralph Volney Harlow

A History of Our Country, David Saville Muzzey

History of United States, Dwight L. Dumond, Edward E. Dale, and Edgar B. Wesley

United States History, Fremont P. Wirth

History of the American Way, Harold Underwood Faulkner, Tyler Kepner, and Edward H. Merrill

The United States and World Relations, Lilian T. Mowrer and Howard H. Cummings

History of a Free People, Henry W. Bragdon and Samuel P. McCutchen (Dr. Root qualifies his condemnation of this text.)

yes, internationalism is to them the ultimate synthesis.

As Dr. Root points out, the distortion of American history is not effected so much by the invention of facts as by the selection of such facts as suit the argument of these historians, by the omission of unfavorable facts, and by judicious distribution of emphasis. And then there is the canny trick of using value-laden words in the proper places. The texts abound with "the average American," "the common man" and "the people," always with great solicitude. "Sweeping reforms," "progressivism," "social advance," "idealism" and such are set off against "conservatism," "making money," "monopolism," "reaction." The modernity and bias of the writers is indicated by their equating most that is bad in our post-Civil War history with the Republican Party, while the Democratic Party, except in the South, seems to have a near-monopoly of goodness.

After the Korean War it was found that one third of our soldiers captured by the Reds succumbed to the brainwashing they received in prison. After reading Dr. Root's book one is convinced that the brainwashing actually began in the American schools.

Movies

Year-End Log

MARTIN BIRMINGHAM

INGMAR BERGMAN'S latest film, *The Seventh Seal,* seems to me to be among his best. This Swedish director is always an artist, even in a picture with obvious commercial overtones such as his *Smiles of a Summer Night.* In *The Seventh Seal* he has set himself a difficult task. The story is of a heavily pessimistic search for God and a meaning to life, placed in the time of the Crusades and the Black Plague. Death and evil win out, although the central character, a knight, is able, by playing chess with Death, to hold off the inevitable for a time. Bergman seems to be saying that man can win only temporary victories in life; whether those are worthwhile is left open. Strange how this strain of melancholy runs through so much of Swedish work. It is enough to make you think The Middle Way is not the way at all.

Bergman's pictures always have a hard core of meaning. This, in spite of *Treasure of the Sierra Madre,* has never been John Huston's forte. At his best his films really move; the excitement of action is always there, and the quick, sure, virile images bounce out at the audience, assaulting its senses. Huston at his worst is seen in his latest movie, *The Barbarian and the Geisha.* Nothing can really excuse this one: it is not enough to say that Cinemascope is completely unsuited to his fast-paced style or that the color makes the real unreal, for there is no sign that Huston has made any attempt to overcome these obstacles. The picture was filmed in Japan where you can note that the Japanese are having more and more trouble looking properly simple-minded. Sam Jaffe has the same trouble. John Wayne does not.

Having seen Stanley Kramer's last directorial effort, *The Pride and the Passion,* it was all I could do to talk myself into seeing *The Defiant Ones,* but it has its points. Kramer still has a lot to learn about directing, but this time he has a good dramatic situation. The bad taste and poor judgment of previous pictures is not in evidence. His direction still is not taut enough, and many of the scenes become flabby. Most of the good camera shots—and there are many—seem more the work of an able cameraman than part of a director's plan. The script about two escaped cons (one Negro, one white) chained together doesn't get as preachy as you might expect, and has the benefit of sharp, accurate dialogue. The white members of the cast have a good deal of trouble with the Southern dialect, but the performances of Tony Curtis, Theodore Bikel and Charles McGraw have merit nevertheless. Sidney Poitier is probably the only Negro actor we have who really gets inside a character—his Negroes aren't propaganda tools but living people. Another fine performance from a gifted actor.

INDIVIDUAL acting is about all there is to recommend *The Reluctant Debutante.* Rex Harrison, Kay Kendall and Angela Lansbury are very amusing with no help from anyone else, least of all the writer or the director, Vincent Minelli.

Minelli's *Gigi* is a lot better than *The Reluctant Debutante,* but it doesn't begin to touch some of those musicals he used to make (*The Pirate,* for example). The actors perform against pleasant Parisian scenes, but never become a part of them, and the camera is rarely interesting. Minelli's central failing in this picture is a lack of clarity in characterization (is Eva Gabor a villainess, a tragic figure, or comic relief? Why does

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Louis Jourdan marry Gigi?). The whole tone of the picture seems designed to suppress the Colette original, but like Leslie Caron's strapped-down bosom in the little-girl scenes, it keeps popping out, reminding you of something infinitely better than what you are watching on the screen. The cast, however, is uniformly charming—especially Louis Jourdan, as good a romantic actor in his way as Laurence Olivier was before he started getting serious.

Jourdan's charm is also on display in *Dangerous Exile,* an historical romance, British-made with nothing more than entertainment in mind, but beautifully done. The director, Brian Desmond-Hurst, has a fine eye, and he and his photographer have overcome the Vistavision handicap to turn out a good-looking product. The picture is fun all the way.

White Wilderness is the latest of the Disney Organization's Tru-Life Adventures (*their* title, don't blame me). The Disney people can't seem to make up their minds whether these are for children or adults, whether their purpose is to explore nature or distort it for laughs. When they're good, though, they are amazing. The work, patience and dedication that must have gone into some of these shots make the whole picture memorable, even if they make one all the more irritated at the rest.

The Parisienne: Brigitte Bardot is one of our great mediums of expression, and the movies are a pretty good medium too. It's sad that the producers of this one had no idea what to do with either.

Any book reviewed in this Book Section (or any other current book) supplied by return mail. You pay only the bookstore price. We pay the postage anywhere in the world. Catalogue on request.

THE BOOKMAILER

Box 101, New York 16, N.Y.

The Complete Bookstore-by-Mail Service representing all U.S. publishers

TIME & TIDE

waits on all men of goodwill

It will keep you INFORMED of all the LEADING TRENDS in British thought, politics, literature and the arts.

To be INFORMED is to be forearmed in discussing the British scene.

The finest $9 cultural investment you ever made—52 weeks of serious enjoyment

TIME & TIDE

Britain's leading Right Wing Review

Subscription Form

TO: Time & Tide,
32 Bloomsbury Street,
London, W.C. 1, England

Please enter my name for

..... 52 weeks at $9.00

..... 26 weeks at $4.50

I enclose remittance.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE STORY OF MY MISFORTUNES, by Peter Abélard (Free Press, $3.50). For his own twelfth-century contemporaries, Peter Abélard was a master of dialectic, a brilliant teacher, and an agile questioner of matters spiritual, who placed his emphasis upon the Paraclete, the Holy Spirit in each soul. Upon his students he had some of the same heady effect as, say, the books of Simone Weil have today; and before he died, he had been condemned for heresy. Such a temperament, of course, always has a profoundly intractable element, and Peter's *Historia Calamitatum* reveals him as more proud than self-reckoning. He accuses others of envy, calumny, persecution, but regards his own pride with equanimity, so that his best pages are those which have to do with Héloïse. The chapter (VII) which analyzes her motives for opposing their marriage (on the ground that Peter was already a dedicated man whom a wife could only impair) makes one of the most noble images in human annals. Beside it, Peter's own spectacle seems slight and temporal. R. PHELPS

IN FLANDERS FIELDS, by Leon Wolff (Viking, $5.00). "The 49th Division had suffered 2,585 casualties and had not advanced at all." That was Passchendaele Ridge. Both the Third Battle of Ypres and this book about it can best be described in one word: horror. Sheer and bloody horror. The entire Allied campaign of 1917 was an example of military folly carried to the highest degree of futility. (England, it might be noted in passing, never recovered from it.) Mr. Wolff describes the gore, mud and misery so well that it takes a strong stomach to read on. But for anyone interested in learning just how bad war can be, here is the book: the generals lost all reason; a half million men were sacrificed for a mile or two of desolation. The casual reader will find it difficult to believe; but we must pray our military have learned the lesson, or it may happen again.

J. P. MCFADDEN

THE SHAPING VISION OF GERARD MANLEY HOPKINS, by Alan Heuser (Oxford, $3.50). The modern poet, like the neo-classical writers he admires, is more critic and theorist than poet. And the first of these technique-trammeled poets was Hopkins. Like Eliot, he felt guilty about writing poems, and spent most of his time on theories about poetry. Critics like Heuser write endless theories about his theories, continuing this distortion of the poet's role. But this book—by documenting Hopkins' confusion of poetry, painting and music—unwittingly points up the artist's real failure. Hopkins does not create in words the intellectual content of his visions; he *ornaments* his meaning, in the manner of a brilliant orchestrator or colorist. Only those who are ignorant of the ascetic paradoxes which Hopkins restates can credit him with fresh insight. He merely has new techniques—the facility of Pope, but with Ignatius instead of Bolingbroke for his basic text, and with Berlioz' orchestra at his disposal instead of Haydn's. G. WILLS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

To the Editor

The Un-Guilded Truth

I share Mr. Finis Farr's admiration for anyone who would stand up to the terror and harassment of labor goons, and on the whole enjoyed his article on Sherman Billingsley's situation [December 6].

I must take exception, however, to what I consider his preposterous and sophomoric implication that newsmen cover a strike from the labor standpoint because they are members of the American Newspaper Guild. Guild membership is required if one wishes to ply his trade in New York City, and involuntary members are legion.

Mr. Farr's supposition that the Guild could or would lay down a line for reporters is fantastic, and to refer to them as "wordslingers of the Newspaper Guild" is grossly inaccurate . . .

He has written this in one of the most articulate periodicals in the country; a magazine read by reporters, editors, and publishers. Whom is he trying to kid?

New York City GEORGE O. FOWLER, JR.
The Daily News

Treachery Within the GOP

James J. Kilpatrick warns conservative Republicans that a new party may be a mirage and urges them "Down to the Firehouse" [December 20] to work in the smoky ruins of the GOP. He fails, however, to point out that, though a conscientious Party worker may become a county committeeman, a district leader or a state committeeman and although he may serve as delegate to state and national conventions, he will be nothing but a rubber stamp to those who wrecked, but still control, the Party . . .

In 1956 when the County Committee met in New York City to decide upon a slate of candidates, some from upstate rejected Javits. A call went through to Washington, and the recalcitrants were told that if they turned down Javits they would get Adam Clayton Powell, leader of Harlem's Democrats, as U.S. Senator. Javits received the nomination. Powell, to the surprise of no one in the know, came out for Ike. In the 1958 campaign when Powell, under federal indictment, had been repudiated by the Democrats, the faithful workers for the GOP were shocked to read that he had received the Republican endorsement.

These rank and file Republicans were not consulted when the Party picked its candidate for Governor in the same year. Even before the delegates had been elected at the Party primaries, the votes that they would cast at the convention were already pledged to Nelson Rockefeller.

That's why informed conservatives up North applaud Ruth Murray, Vice Chairman of the Republican Party in Wisconsin, who resigned rather than help rebuild a Party "which might be turned over to Nelson Rockefeller" after it was built.

New York City MILDRED WILLIS HARRIS

What PhD's Don't Know!

Russell Kirk's "The Industrial Arts Boondoggle" [October 25] is based on a complete lack of information concerning what industrial arts is, and what it hopes to achieve.

The author is generous when he admits that the pupils who elect industrial arts learn to nail four boards together. This is an achievement that cannot be duplicated by many of our erudite PhDs. One might ask "What does the pupil in some of the so-called 'more important' subjects learn that will be more helpful to him in the life he will have to live?" . . .

Dr. Kirk complains that the teachers of industrial arts are not accomplished artisans. By the same token we might ask, "Is the teacher of freshman algebra always an accomplished mathematician?" He appears to be of the [erroneous] opinion [that] these industrial arts teachers are attempting to prepare fully qualified tradesmen.

The author is uninformed in regard to the attitude of our labor unions toward the education of their future members. They recognize that the schools do not pretend to produce skilled mechanics, but they do provide a type of training which prepares many young people for advantageous entrance into apprenticeship . . .

THOMAS DIAMOND
School Shop, "The Magazine for Industrial Education Teachers"
Ann Arbor, Mich.

CLASSIFIED

NATIONAL REVIEW *accepts classified advertisements for personal services, items wanted or for sale, jobs sought or available, houses or apartments for sale or rent, and miscellaneous subjects of a comparable nature.* NATIONAL REVIEW *reserves the right to reject any copy deemed unsuitable. Rates per insertion: 40¢ per word, minimum 10 words; 30¢ per word for 25 or more insertions per year. If a box number is desired, count two extra words. Text, accompanied by full payment in the form of cash, check or money order, must be received 17 days before publication date. All responses to box numbers will be forwarded and postage billed periodically. Mail to be called for at* NATIONAL REVIEW *will be held 60 days only. Address: Classified Dept.,* NATIONAL REVIEW, *150 East 35th Street, New York 16, N.Y.*

NATIONAL REVIEW ENTHUSIAST, 22, college degree (B.A.) seeks interesting job opportunity. Box 19.

HIGH-FIDELITY—energetic young man interested in high-fidelity for position selling and installing custom home music systems. Perdue Radio Co., 8 & 10 South Park Street, Montclair, New Jersey, Pilgrim 4-4343.

SITUATION WANTED. Young man 26, from Deep South, Honor Law Graduate, former college athlete, experience in sales, journalism, teaching law. Speaks good English and fair Spanish. Desires interesting, intellectually stimulating work. Box 87.

IMMEDIATE OPPORTUNITY desired by Psychology Major in Public Relations, Personnel or related fields. Has resume and references. Box 22.

LEARN WHILE ASLEEP! Exciting details free. Sleep-Learning Research Association, Box 24-NL, Olympia, Washington.

AMBITIOUS THINKER, 25, B.A. seeks stimulating position NYC with firm sympathetic to National Review outlook. Box 118.

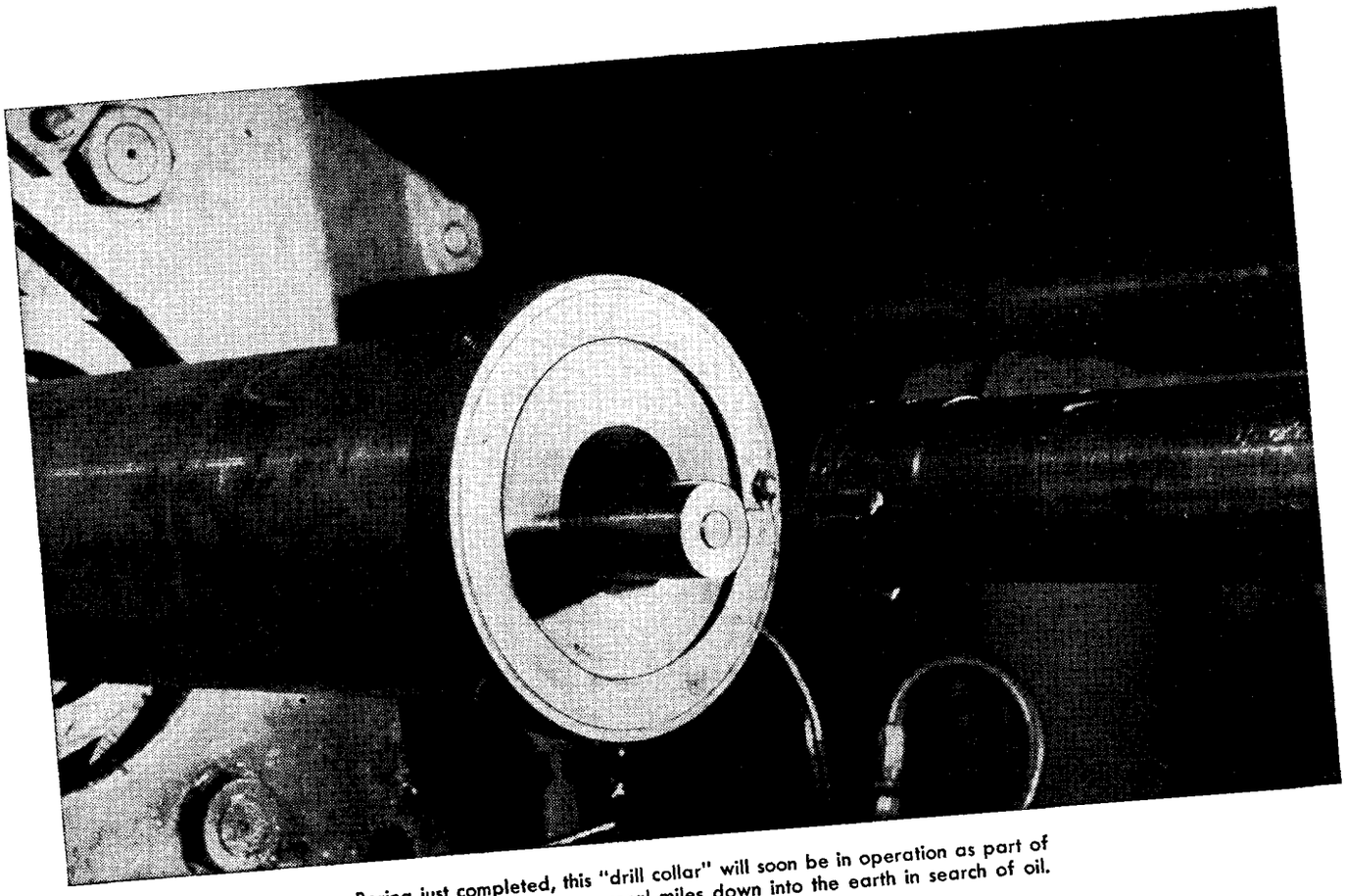
CONSERVATIVE INVESTORS who are looking for convenient midtown stock brokerage facilities are invited to call or visit Steiner, Rouse & Company, Members New York Stock Exchange, street floor, 122 E. 42nd Street, New York City. MU 2-0300, Leon Weil, Co-manager.

ADVERTISING AGENCY. Personal service to accounts with growth potential. JOHN YEARGAIN, INC., 141 East 44th St., New York 17, N.Y., MUrray Hill 2-5663.

MAKE VACATION PLANS NOW! Worldwide service to suit individual requirements. Margaret Cone Travel Service, 520 5th Ave., N.Y. 36, OX 7-0796.

BOUND VOLUMES of National Review, beautifully bound and fully indexed, are now available from Vols. I-V. Prices: $20 for the first volume; $15 for each additional volume. Supply strictly limited. Write Dept. X, National Review, 150 East 35th St., New York 16, N.Y.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Boring just completed, this "drill collar" will soon be in operation as part of a "drill string" reaching several miles down into the earth in search of oil.

What does Kennametal* have to do with the price of oil?

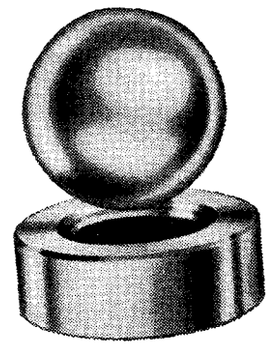
Last year, oil companies spent an estimated $2 billion drilling exploratory holes. Only once in every twelve tries did they get a producer. Every year, the wells get deeper . . . today's are often several miles down . . . and drilling costs get higher and higher. Finding ways to offset these mounting production costs before they reach consumers is a never-ending struggle. Kennametal has provided some answers.

Shown above, a 30-foot core has just been bored from a forged blank to form an oil well "drill collar." Boring one of these collars used to take 18 to 24 hours machining time, on a trepanning lathe worth a half-million dollars. Since time had to be charged at $50 an hour, faster machining could mean big dollar savings. However, in view of the tremendous down-time costs, machine speed up would not dare be attempted with any less than the best tooling available. In this case, the "best" proved to be a couple of Kennametal carbide tool inserts and support pads that together cost less than ten dollars.

The Kennametal tool insert cutting edges successfully withstand the severe abrasive cutting conditions and extremely high temperatures. Kennametal pads that rigidly support the inserts prevent the deformation sure to result from even slight deviation of the cutter head. Now, instead of one every 18 to 24 hours, at least three collars are completed each shift.

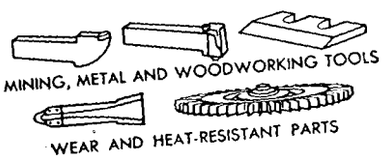
This is just one way, in one area of our nation's economy, that Kennametal helps reduce production costs. Passed down the line, these savings help us all. KENNAMETAL INC., Latrobe, Pennsylvania.

*Trademark of a series of hard, strong, tungsten and titanium carbides known for resistance to wear, impact, corrosion, erosion, deformation and high temperatures.



"Balls and Seats" like this act as valves on pumps operating at the bottom of oil wells. Here, Kennametal fights corrosion and erosion by crude oil. For years, Kennametal balls and seats have been outlasting similar parts made from steel as much as 20 to 1. Since it is necessary to pull the pump from the bottom of the well to replace these parts, the small additional cost of Kennametal Balls and Seats is again a time and money saving investment that pays big dividends.

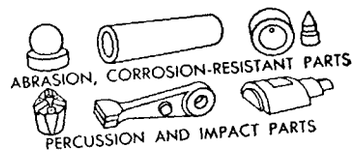
5772



MINING, METAL AND WOODWORKING TOOLS

WEAR AND HEAT-RESISTANT PARTS

INDUSTRY AND KENNAMETAL ...Partners in Progress



ABRASION, CORROSION-RESISTANT PARTS

PERCUSSION AND IMPACT PARTS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED